THE NEWARK ANNIVERSARY POEMS

A MEMORIAL TO
VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD
Poet and Literary Critic
Baltimore, Maryland
Presented by her Brother
William Woodward Cloud
and her devoted friend
Ellen Duvall

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THE NEWARK ANNIVERSARY POEMS

THE NEWARK ANNIVERSARY POEMS

Winners in the Poetry Competition

HELD IN CONNECTION WITH
THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
OF THE
FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
MAY TO OCTOBER, 1916
TOGETHER WITH
THE OFFICIAL NEWARK CELEBRATION ODE
AND OTHER ANNIVERSARY POEMS
—GRAVE AND GAY

Introductory Chapters and a Plan for a
National Anthology of American Poetry
By HENRY WELLINGTON WACK
Editor of *The Newarker*

THE COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED
FRANKLIN MURPHY
Chairman

NEW YORK
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1917

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TO

PRESENT AND FUTURE GENERATIONS

OF NEWARK CITIZENS

to their highest sense of civic duty; their responsible social and political participation in the city's life; to all sister cities inclined to adopt the Newark Idea of a Fellowship of Cities throughout the nation, this frail volume of patriotic and inspirational verse

IS

HOPEFULLY DEDICATED

"Ye have done well to hang harps in the wind."

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FOREWORD

WHEN the Newark Poetry Competition was announced in November, 1915 (see Appendix), the Committee contemplated the publication of a volume which should not only include the poems winning the Newark prizes, but a selection of others which, though ranking high, had not come within the limited number of awards. In so large a group of competitive entries there were bound to be many poems of practically equal merit, the prizes being necessarily awarded to some for virtues offset by the significant excellence in others. Indeed, there were many such cases in the final consideration of the best hundred poems submitted. The Committee was, therefore, glad of the opportunity to create a permanent Honor Roll of the Newark Anniversary Poems which seemed worthy of a place thereon.

This hope and intention were, however,

abandoned after the awards had been announced in December, 1916, because of the numerous objections made by the authors of some of the best poems which, for special reasons had failed to win prizes. For instance, where poems of the same style and character were practically of equal merit, only that entry which best served the larger purpose of the competition received an award.

These objections were a surprise to the Committee and, in their final effect, may be a disappointment to the authors who were willing to have their unsuccessful, but meritorious, poems included in the volume of our anniversary verse. Nevertheless, after the withdrawal of a considerable number of poems by some of the best known poets in the country, and the necessity, therefore, of planning a smaller volume, bereft of many desirable poems of distinctive grace and charm, the Committee was, by the sheer force of these and related circumstances, compelled to confine the present work to the poems here presented—a worthy lot, despite

those big and little upsettings which civic celebrations, involving four thousand four hundred and fifty actors and nine hundred fecund poets, have a way of imposing upon anxious committees and their ardent executives.

The beautiful celebration ode by Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen, author of "Lincoln's Pew," "The House of Mary," "Shakespeare," "The New America," "Our Sister of Letters," "A Parable of the Rose," "Abraham Lincoln" (the New York *Herald* $1,000 prize poem), "The Triumph of Love," etc., was written upon the official request of the Committee of One Hundred, and is, withal, an important contribution to the patriotic literature of the nation. It was first read by the author at the Dedication Exercises held at Proctor's Palace Theatre, Newark, on May 1, 1916, upon the formal opening of Newark's impressive celebration, before a distinguished audience composed of the official, literary, and social life of New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. Two hundred members of the

Historical Societies of the country attended as delegates, together with a large delegation from the Authors Club of New York and the scientific, religious and civic bodies of the East.

The other poems included in the volume are those which appeared from month to month in *The Newarker,* the Committee's official journal, published from November, 1915, to November, 1916, as a record of anniversary events.

Finally, there are the poems of Newark's Historic Pageant and Masque, the author of which is Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh.

It will be the hope of the Committee that the publication, in this compact form, of the Newark Anniversary Poems, may be inspirational, not only to Newark citizens, but to sister cities in their aims at civic betterment and that greater ideal which the writer has elsewhere referred to as The Fellowship of Cities.

NEWARK, March 15, 1917.

THE JUDGES OF THE NEWARK POETRY COMPETITION

THE following accepted the Committee's invitation to serve as judges in this competition:

From Newark: Hon. Frederic Adams, Judge of the Circuit Court, State of New Jersey; Hon. Thos. L. Raymond, Counsellor-at-Law, and Mayor of Newark; Miss Margaret Coult, Head of English Department, Barringer High School; William S. Hunt, Associate Editor, Newark *Sunday Call.*

At large: Professor John C. Van Dyke, Professor History of Art, Rutgers College; Lecturer Columbia, Harvard, Princeton; Author; Editor: "College Histories of Art"; "History of American Art";—New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Thomas L. Masson (Tom Masson), Literary Editor *Life;* Author; Editor "Hu-

morous Masterpieces of American Literature."

Theodosia Garrison, Author: "The Joy of Life and other Poems"; "Earth Cry and other Poems"; Contributor to Magazines.

COMPILED AND EDITED UNDER THE JOINT DIRECTION

OF THE

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

AND THE

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY COMMITTEE

OF THE

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EARLY INFLUENCES IN NEWARK'S ORIGIN

BEFORE considering the Newark of today and her recent inspirational enterprises to mark the anniversary of her 250th birthday, it may afford us a broader view of her significance and stature as a virile and productive city, if we look back a moment upon conditions affecting her origin; upon the simpler, ruder life of the period of her meagre beginnings on the shore of the Passaic.

Here we have to do with the destiny of a live American city, founded under an intolerant Puritan spirit, but built by the tenacious fibre of American manhood.

The founders of the City of Newark, New Jersey, in 1666, constituted a small group of sturdy men, devout women and an eager band of New England children.

They had sailed from the shores of Connecticut in a French caraval with the determined purpose to create a new habitat for their industry and beliefs, their narrow faith and its somewhat bigoted impositions. They bartered their wampum for the site of Newark with the Lenni Lenape Indians; built their huts around a house of worship and invoked God and man to do the rest.

The modern histriographer finds the event rich in romantic and heroic detail. Shaw, Atkinson, Urquhart, Folsom, Swayze, Pierson and Stevens have recorded the exploits of that time in a manner to preserve their glamour for all succeeding generations. The series of historical articles by David L. Pierson, which appeared from time to time during the celebration in the *Newark Evening News* and attracted wide-spread attention, are soon to appear in book form, entitled "Narratives of Newark from the Days of Its Founding." This work will be of inestimable value. Northern New Jersey shares with old Amsterdam, across the Hudson, the glories and

romantic traditions of the Nation's early life and struggle.

The birth of Newark fell upon a barren period in American letters. The Cavalier ruled Virginia and pursued his adventurous and luxurious career of aristocratic sway and hospitality. Massachusetts, becoming the citadel of the frugal Puritan, extended her influence and work with a fervor far more spiritual. Their modes of life were the antithesis of each other. There was no substantial artistic impulse in either the South or the North to produce a significant literature; men were aglow with the lure of material matters, the crude cultivation of unwieldy estates, questions of trade and traffic, the government of slaves, the planting of tobacco, and the winning of the wilderness. There was little culture of importance in that rude environment; but there were abundant spirit and energy for achievement in a region where the heart and soul of man had to meet the day's work in a brave and steadfast fashion.

In the northern colonies the lure of a national life was blazing its trail out of New England and into New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania—where the Puritans, Dutch, English and Swedes were following the urge of man's aspirations on the land and sea. In 1652 Massachusetts had annexed Maine towns as far east as Casco in her reach for power, and Stuyvesant conquered New Sweden (Delaware) in 1655. North Carolina was settled in 1663, and in 1662 Charles II granted a charter to Connecticut and New Haven. A year later Mason and Dixon's line between the North and South was begun, and Eliot's Bible for the Indians printed. In 1664 New Amsterdam was occupied by the English. Science, the handmaiden of civilization, began to enlarge the activity and power of man's industry. King Philip's War in New England and Bacon's rebellion in Virginia disturbed the opening of the last quarter of the seventeenth century, followed within a few years (1682) by the founding of Philadelphia, the abrogation of Massa-

chusetts' charter two years later, the general suppression of all charter governments and the precipitation of King William's war. Then followed the French and English wars upon our soil. These were parlous times in which Newark crept from the lofty intentions of a small group of men and women to the crude stature of an organized hamlet, to become—250 years later—one of the great industrial centers of the country.

But what of the literature of that time, its slow and hindered dissemination, its influence on the pioneer life of the American colonies? While we take a brief glance at the period surrounding the first Newark settlement, let us keep in mind the fact that Newark was literally founded by church secessionists seeking to enforce those tenets of their religion which their abandoned brethren had liberalized in the Province of Connecticut. This broader religious life in the Connecticut towns of Branford, Milford, Guilford and New Haven had disturbed the stricter, narrower, more intolerant members of the old church who had

come to found Newark. The little hamlet became in fact the site of the last American theocracy.

During the period just before and after the settlement of Newark, we see Cromwell translating England's power into action, while Charles II "squandered it." The Thirty Years' War was devastating Germany while a more sanguinary war was, during Newark's anniversary period, at the same infernal game in all Europe. It is a mere coincidence. At that early time Richelieu was interpreting the new vision France had of herself, and making her the mistress of Europe; and later Mazarin and Louis XIV amplified and realized his great work. That pathetic piece of princely porcelain, Charles I, was sliding from his throne to stain the headman's block. Shakespeare had come and gone, without bequeathing a sign of the fame that should attach to his name and works. Immortal Milton, private secretary to Cromwell, was writing "Paradise Lost," first published in 1667, the very year when Newark's little govern-

ment assumed orderly significance. What may have been of equal interest to those who dwelt upon the banks of the beautiful Passaic of that period of its purity, was the publication, in 1653, of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler." But may we not doubt Puritan interest in a book so philosophic of physical and mental comfort?

Between 1660 and 1670 some of the world's notable literary and artistic luminaries flourished in Europe: Corneille, La Fontaine, La Rochefoucauld, Madame de Sévigné, Molière, Racine, Boileau and Pascal in France. Velasquez and Murillo were the master painters in Spain. Bernini the Italian sculptor; Salvator Rosa the landscape painter; Huygens the Dutch astronomer; Cassini the mathematician, La Bruyére and Malebranche, French writers, all contributed to that decade which included the founding in Paris of the Gobelin Tapestry *fabrique* by Louis XIV; the construction of the first reflecting telescope by Sir Isaac Newton; the great London Fire and Plague in 1666; the independence of

Prussia; Poland's great victory under Sobieski over the Tartars; the founding of the Royal Society at London (1660) and the Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1666. The throes of an expanding civilization were present throughout the world. Humanity was in a restless state, in a mood for revolution and adventure, for dissenting from systems of worship and government which had prevailed. The founding of Newark appears to have been inspired by a world impulse for freedom and independence.

EARLY PURITAN POETRY

OF the poetry of the early colonists, nothing significant or beautiful appears to have found expression. The seventeenth century in America was barren of great or even good verse,—as the nineteenth and twentieth centuries appraise poetry. Except in rare instances, Colonial versification was confined to the Puritan clergy—a stiff, gaunt, fleshless verse, as emaciated in thought and spirit as in beauty and form.

The most prolific of the Puritan poets—so-called—was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, who was born in England in 1612, emigrated to New England in 1630 and settled near Andover, Massachusetts, about 1644. Her poems, published in London in 1650, evoked some praise; but critics of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would not admit that the industrious lady had written any appreciable body of poetry. However, she

seems to have impressed a prim personality and lugubrious talent upon her contemporaries and to have gained some favor with her intermittently rheumatic rhymes. She turned many a clerical head into what, at this remote day, we would describe as a silly state. For instance, there was the Rev. John Rogers who, in appreciative ecstasy of the ravishing effects Mrs. Bradstreet's poems had upon him, unfortunately wrote this mawkish metaphor:

> Thus weltering in delight, my virgin mind
> Admits a rape.

If any of the 1916 Newark poets had written such stuff, we would have exhibited him at our Exposition as a rhymster too irresponsible to be at large.

In his excellent analysis of the scant product of seventeenth century American verse writers (he justly avoids designating them poets) Professor Wm. P. Trent thus sums up the lady's poetic merit:

"In substance her earlier verses are almost completely valueless. From the point

of view of style her poetry interests only the technical student, who will notice some balanced couplets, some curious rhymes, and at least one tribute to Queen Elizabeth that deserves to be memorable for its infelicity:"

" 'Mongst hundred hecatombs of roaring verse,
Mine bleating stands before thy royal hearse."

Our first native-born bard was the "learned schoolmaster and physician and ye renowned poet of New England," Benjamin Tompson, born at Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1642. He died at Roxbury in 1714—"Mortuus sed immortalis," as his epitaph assures us who stop, look and wonder. His "New England's Crisis," an epic of King Philip's War, was a commonplace performance which a third-rate New York monthly Cosmic Squeal would endow with a rejection slip at the second stanza.

The zenith of our Colonial poetics appears to have been attained by Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705), described as the typical poet of Puritan New England. After graduating from Harvard, he entered

the ministry, cheerfully maintained his poor health, married several devoted women —one at a time, remember!—studied medicine and tried to heal others, who could not cure himself.

The author of *The Day of Doom—A Poetical Description of the Last Judgment,* evidently had qualities superior to the humor of his muse, for many loved and admired him. His chief work first appeared in 1662, "and consisted of a poetical version in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins, of the texts of Scripture having reference to the awful, but to the Puritan mind, congenial subject." It has been sarcastically referred to as the New England Inferno. It contains very little near poetry, as witness the following speech of Wigglesworth's God to the "Reprobate Infants"—a speech that concludes:

> You sinners are, and such a share
> As sinners may expect,
> Such you shall have, for I do save
> None but my own elect.

Yet to compare your sin with their
  Who lived a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
  Though every sin's a crime.

A crime it is, therefore in bliss
  You may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
  The easiest room in Hell.

What shall we think of a zeal that would consign infants to the "easiest room in Hell" —even poetically? If this was the accepted sentiment of the seventeenth century we owe a debt of gratitude to that force which liberated the Puritan mind in succeeding years. It is a far cry from the "poetry" of Wigglesworth to that of Swinburne and Edgar Allan Poe.

But the object of this survey is not to analyze the quality of the sparse verse which soothed or irritated the minds of the Puritans who came out of New England to settle upon the shores of the Passaic. We merely intend indicating that no significant poetry of beauty was created in America during the seventeenth century. Such poetry as

the Puritans had access to was the English poetry of the period following the birth, life and death of Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Butler, Dryden and Waller. That they shut their minds to Shakespeare and opened them to Milton and Bunyan, is still an unsettled controversy. There was such a stoicism, such a grim and ascetic attitude against beauty, art, romance, against all liberal views of life's essence, by Puritans and their severities, that few of their latter-day heralds venture to include in their pleasures the poetry of the Bard of Avon. There was no poetry and little song, save the simplest psalms and hymns, accompanying the origins of Newark. But there was an ardent religious spirit which centered in the First Newark Church where the men who founded the hamlet composed the last group of those Puritans who tried to erect a kingdom of God on the American continent. Theirs was indeed theocracy's last stand.

CIVIC CELEBRATIONS AS A MODERN COMMUNITY FORCE

IN recent years city celebrations, historic pageants, community enterprises of a social, political, civic and æsthetic character, have more than ever in our history marked the progress of American cities. The citizen appears to have been galvanized out of the indifferent individual whose citizenship began and ended with his personal, professional or industrial interests. In other words, men and women have realized themselves as something infinitely more than competitors in the life of the city and its gainful opportunities. They have discovered that *they* are the city, and that as they reach out for higher ideals as citizens, the city rises in the plane of progressive municipalities.

The means by which American communities have generated the spirit of this new

social impulse, this higher inspired social consciousness, have varied; but the *motif* in much of this work of remodeling the citizen for greater uses to himself and the community, has been largely the same throughout the country. Some have accented the spiritual element of community life, more than the civic or material; others have by reason of their peculiarities in one direction or another, put stress on the industrial or the æsthetic phases of their inherent problems. All, however, have endeavored to vitalize in the passive citizen, the dull taxpayer and disinterested voter, a sense of civic responsibility to the city which affords him life's opportunities and their attendant terms of comfort and happiness.

St. Louis did much in this respect a few years ago by an historic pageant of great beauty and impressive spectacle. Other cities, many of them in New England, followed in the wake of this splendid way of arousing the citizen from his lethargy or pulling him from the armchair of his smug contentment. The celebrations held by the

cities of the Middle West culminated in that superb exposition of the country's varied resources—the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. To-day we look forward to many civic celebrations in all parts of the United States. Their ideal is much the same—the awakening of the citizen to his full civic duty toward the city which sustains him.

THE NEWARK CELEBRATION

PSYCHOLOGY has been defined as the science of the human soul—the systematic knowledge of its powers and functions. But how shall we define the psychology of a great civic undertaking involving half a million souls and their relation to the city in which they work and play?

Perhaps one of the most successful instances of a new spiritual and civic dawn in a city of the first class, where the sources of population are variant and the people somewhat slow to assimilate, is that of the City of Newark, New Jersey, which terminated its 250th anniversary celebration in October, 1916.

Newark is essentially a very conservative old city. It was founded by Puritans, of a rather narrow concept of the truer religion. Newark went to church. It worked hard and was prone to mind its own business as if

nothing else mattered. It was not particularly conscious of its duty to any one—least of all to itself. Its social life had become stagnant, largely because it was so busy making money by producing 259 distinct lines of manufactures. Finally, the Newarker seemed perfectly at ease about strangling the other fellow—the fellow who got in his way to share or eclipse the prosperity that was obviously meant for all.

To relate even briefly how all this has been changed by Newark's wonderful historic celebration, would carry us far beyond the limitations of available space. The big fact is now patent in all aspects of Newark's life. Newark has in two years become a city of metropolitan feeling and stature. She has become a community of actively cooperating citizens, loyal to the city's best interests, militant in her defense, earnest, progressive, spiritually awakened and greatly surcharged with a new civic spirit.

When two years ago, Newark began preparations for her long celebration period, she had a population of 381,000. She

now has 408,000! And Newark is growing rapidly. Her schools are amongst the best in the country. Her library is one of the most useful and progressive. Her park system is unsurpassed. Her public-spirited men have an intensified interest in the present and a lofty vision of the city's future.

Civic celebrations, rationally planned and ably carried out, yield enormous dividends. Newark spent about $400,000, all told, on her civic regeneration. There was no reaction; there can be none as Newark handled her finely conceived affair.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE NEWARK POETRY COMPETITION

AMONGST other inspirational features of its anniversary program, Newark undertook an unusual literary enterprise. It offered $1,000 in prizes for poems upon the city's 250th anniversary. It invited all kinds of poems, from any part of the world, on any phase of Newark's historical, industrial, social, aesthetic or civic life. Odes and epics, sonnets, blank verse, ballads, lyrics, vers libre, songs and satires, limericks and jingles, all had opportunity to qualify for the thirteen cash awards, divided into a first prize of $250; a second of $150, a third of $100, and ten of $50 each. All awards were based upon the sheer poetic merit of the poems submitted, regardless of their form. The competition opened in January and closed in December, 1916. Of the 900 odd entries submitted, about 550

were of that quality or interest which carried them to the final consideration of the seven judges appointed to read the poems and determine their relative merit. Four of the judges were drawn from Newark, three from the nation.

Forty-two States and five foreign countries participated in the competition, which indicates its wide publicity value to the city of Newark.

The highest number of merit points obtainable was 700. The first prize was won by Clement Wood, of New York City, with 675 points; the second by Mrs. Anna B. Mezquida, of San Francisco, with 575 points; the third by Albert E. Trombly, Philadelphia, with 540 points. The following authors won the ten special prizes of $50 each:

Sayers Coe, Glen Ridge, N. J.; Katherine Baker, Wildwood, N. J.; Haniel Long, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Minnie J. Reynolds, West Portal, N. J.; Alice Reade Rouse, Covington, Ky.; James H. Tuckley, Irvington, N. J.; Berton Braley, New York City; Simon

Barr, New York City; Ezra Pound, London, England; Edward N. Teal, Bloomfield, N. J.

A brief view of the humor and pathos of this unique enterprise may add leaven to the content of this little volume.

When the poems were first invited, our poets did not display an adequate degree of fine frenzy. The following jingle was thereupon published in *The Newarker,* official journal of the celebration, and copies thereof mailed to verse writers throughout the United States:

COME, ALL YE POETS

Come, all ye poets, great and small,
Ye little fat ones and ye tall,
Ye who so sweetly poetize,
And ye who sadly advertise
The fact that even ye can not
Write aught save merry tommyrot!

Come join our spring quatrainian band,
E'en though your feet and meter stand
Deep in a hexametric pile
Of gasiambics plucked of style.

Remember, Newark's just of age,
And "poet-lariats," the rage!

Send in your verse of Newark-town
Before the June first sun goes down;
By mail, express or auto vans,
In bundles, bales or polished cans.
Just so you sing with poet's grace—
You all may win this Epic Race.

This gay little ditty started 'em all over the land. Poems began to rain upon us. That miserable little screed, hurriedly written by the Editor of *The Newarker* on a street car, did for us what a dignified and artistically printed appeal had failed to do. It woke the Muse in a cheerful and human way, which speaks effectively for the human way in all endeavor.

The judges had a laborious time of it. Their score cards are a laconic record of poetic conceits. They are in many instances the epitaph of poets who, though alive and chirping, were poetically as dead as cabbages in December.

Having invited satires, as well as odes,

Newark received many fine, disdainful poetic digs from those who would not see the idyllic phases of her life. One sour-visaged editor wrote:

> What! write a song of Newark Town?
> I say! Do you really mean it?
> Then hail a gaseous factory clown,
> To make your whistles scream it!

The number of persons, generally normal, who believe they are poets, is a source of constant amazement, delight and sorrow to an editor. An otherwise substantial chunk of house-wifely flesh, left her pots and pans one day and wrote us this pathetic plaint:

> Kind Sir, please buy my hard wrote rime,
> If not jest now, some uther time,
> I have no grub, the fire is out,
> And my drunk husband's up the spout!

It wrung the heart of the Committee of One Hundred to see this human touch go into the Official Waste Basket.

One wild Manhattan poet, contributor to the affinity literature of the breakfast

dailies, wrote this hellish little gem of Newark:

> Mad as the throb of the drum-beats in hell,
> Mad with the throb of the city am I,
> Mad to buy souls and madder to sell,
> Mad with the price of the city am I,
> Maddened, dishevelled,
> Maddened, bedevilled,
> Mad, on the streets of the city to lie.

A prisoner in St. Quentin Prison, California, a man of education, an acknowledged composer of ability, formerly a resident of Newark, submitted an ode on Newark which the prison chaplain who transmitted it felt confident would win a prize. The story of the author's misfortune was a good magazine story; but the prison-made ode did not survive.

That philosophic iconoclast, Ezra Pound, earlier exponent of the Imagist School of Poetic Palpitation, writing from London, assaulted our civic sensibilities in a poem of violence directed at the head, heart, and hands of Newark. Of his poem, one of the judges remarked that it is "Captious, arro-

gant, hypercritical, but some merit." Another judge cast it into the discard. But it won a prize and fits snugly into the rationale of the present volume. Also there is food for thought in our London poet's catechistic cadences. Let us not begrudge him the high appraisal of our poetry judges.

The competition revealed many contrasts. The winner of the first prize with an impressive chant of a thousand words entitled: "The Smithy of God," also submitted the following dismal conception of Newark's celebration:

> Soldiers, autos shall parade,
> Music blare and poets carol;
> Wine will flow, and lemonade,
> From the barrel.

That is pretty bad stuff for Q. H. Flaccus of Manhattan to have written with his left hand and then to have won the first prize with his right. "Lemonade from the barrel!" May the god Bacchus meet this citrous fellow somewhere in the Bronx and fell him with a drop of wine.

A famous American poet, an author whose name is known throughout the English-speaking world, a singer frequently published and highly paid by American editors, submitted an historic ode of nearly 1,000 words. It is carefully wrought in a serious vein. Many of the couplets and stanzes are of exceptional charm.

The points awarded to this poem were only 200 out of 700, about 28½ per cent. of par. This is, perhaps, the surprise of the Newark Poetry Competition. It shows that when the big men of the poetic world are handed a ready-made theme to write about, they do not always do themselves justice, nor render the subject adequate or effective poetic service. There is, of course, no serious significance in their failure; nor in the fact that a very young poet, more or less critical of the present order of life in large cities, and lacking that experience of life which elder poets may have had, should more ably interpret a city to itself and win first place in a class of over 900 competitors.

Another popular poet, whose name is fa-

miliar to magazine readers throughout the United States, received marks of only 75 for his entry in the Newark competition. Five of the judges sent his poem to the discard. And yet we read his delightful verses monthly in many publications.

"Keats II," an anonymous author, submitted a sonnet on the Newark pageant. It was a poet's poem, a thing of grace and substance. But the judges awarded it only 250 points out of 700. "Keats II" then submitted that poem anonymously to 12 of the leading poets and critics in the country. These awarded his sonnet 1025 points out of 1200. "From this," he facetiously remarked, "we may infer that the Newark poetry judges were *not* the last word on the merit of poetry."

But such is the fate of all poetry—it tastes differently in every mind. Nor is a certain prevailing taste in a bizarre and incoherent form of so-called poetry to be accounted for outside the sphere of alienists and observation wards.

Much modern verse, with a lamentable

lack of character and clarity, but very audible, and defying accepted forms, is imposing upon the somnolent editor groping for the vague and opaque. The free verse guild is having its innings and the older poetic measures have been put away in moth-balls and cotton. Thought is now approached from the rear and orchestrated with barbaric prosody. The Intellectuals; the Cognoscenti; the Dolly Dinkles of the cubistic literature; the weird profundities of the Imagists, interpreting the scrap heap of mad emotions; all these have joined the obscurantists of the obvious and serenaded the heights and the abyss with their tatterdemalion poetry. The Shade of Democritus smiles.

But the New Poetry is not all of this character. There is a fresh beauty and rational freedom in some of it which augurs well for a period when the poetry of the world is meeting greater inspirations than have ever prevailed in human crises.

A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY

IS it not time—especially now, when the world is seeking new foundations of faith in mankind, groping for the impulse of a new æsthetic progress, and calling for the legitimate expression of an enlivened patriotic spirit—that the nation should recognize and encourage that element of American genius which utters itself through the art of poetry?

Have we become so absorbed in material thrift; so much a people of action; so impatient of thought that is not swift and common-place, that precludes meditation, as to render futile a plea for the most enduring of all forms of expression? May we hope, on the verge of a great national crisis, while the emotions of the American people are gaining new accents and greater depth from

day to day; when the forces of their destiny are fusing the national life into master movements and directing them to forfend shock from without, that our cultural State and National organizations dealing with the arts, sciences and letters, shall adopt practical means for the recognition, encouragement, critical appraisal and publication of the country's poetic product from year to year? A permanent official National Anthology of American Poetry would be an inspirational force in American letters.

We have museums in which the pictorial arts are displayed and preserved. We have institutions of science; a National Academy of Art; many art societies in every State; schools of design, of technology, of nearly every branch of the arts and sciences—except poetry, that waif of the public esteem which no State or Federal government or private munificence has come forward to adopt and systematically nourish in a rational and practical manner. May we not expect that the American Academy of Arts and Letters will extend its functions in this

direction at a time never more opportune?

Libraries as dead as Arabic have been profusely piled high in many parts of the country for men and women too much enslaved in their shops and homes to visit them for study or recreation. Millions upon millions of money have been expended for these and other philanthropies. But who has beckoned poetry into a congenial fireside, into an environment where creative research would thrive, a Hall of Fame to which every American poet might aspire; to which the State Sections could each year send their approved poetic product for the National Anthology of American Poetry?

We are the Big International Boy, heavy-and-busily-handed; noisily-footed, generous, impulsive, superficial and rude. In our radiant sense of well-being, we have not regarded many of the legitimate æsthetic phases of a national development. We still have much culture—to gain. We lack repose. We have no leisure class to exemplify its beauty and public value. Each of us

is hurrying to get—where? To life's barren, disappointed, unmemoried end. And yet we must have generated something akin to a genuine national spirit. Perhaps the impending crisis will crystallize and direct it. A great Belgian—the finest ideal of parenthood in Europe—once said to me as I sat worshipping the philosophic grandeur of his character: "Americans are driven by steam and electricity; by ambition for gold and power; by extravagant creature comforts and display; by physical pleasures still more or less gross. All virile young nations, young men and women, are similarly actuated. But some day you will learn to respect thought without the accompaniment of noisy action; meditation without heralds; a philosophy and a religion of the heart as well as of the mind. That will be the awakening of your nation's soul. Until then you will be a big, boisterous boy, too big, too vital, too restless for man's quiet little temples in the hills."

The idea of a National Anthology of American Poetry wherein the best Ameri-

can poems produced during the preceding year shall appear and be appraised under competent institutional or government auspices, can be realized without practical difficulty.

Each State, or an eligible organization therein, should appoint a suitable body—council, commission, jury, chapter, board or section—to be the authorized clearing house for that State of the manuscripts submitted, or, if published, admitted as qualified, during the year. Each State's representation in the National Anthology shall be based upon its relative population. The total number of poems to be accepted for and published in the anthology annually shall be one hundred for all the States, with four additional poems taken respectively from the Eastern, Western, Northern and Southern sections of the country. Poems for the anthology may be limited to 1,000 words, with power in the national body to modify the rule in exceptional cases.

A central or national body, either Federal in origin and character, or created from the

rank of an eminent literary, art or scientific society,—such, for instance, as the American Academy of Arts and Letters or the Academie Française,—shall receive and judge of the relative merits of the 104 poems entered for place in the anthology by the States and four sectional divisions of the country. To the best poem so entered the national body shall award the highest honor for the year, an award which shall be evidenced by the first place in the anthology. Its certificate of the honor conferred shall be issued to the author of the work so appraised. To the second and third poems of relative merit, honors shall be awarded in like degree and officially evidenced by certificates. A special honor shall be bestowed upon the best poem entered from any sectional division. Thus four honors are provided in addition to the distinction of a place in the anthology. Space forbids discussion of greater detail. Enough has been indicated to outline the plan of the substructure of the national and State bodies, their operation and purpose.

As endowments are created by private, institutional or governmental provision, they can be applied as the national body, in association with the State bodies, may determine.

The sale of such an authoritative national anthology, in which the chosen poems and their authors are competently discussed, will more than sustain itself and defray the expenses of the national body until endowments or other means become available. It would be a sad commentary upon our great nation if the cultural work herein advocated should lack financial support and the patriotic service of American scholars.

There is, moreover, an immediate necessity for lifting anthologies of current American poetry above the commercial plane upon which they seem likely to be promoted by individuals whose taste in poetry, whose perception of its tendencies and appraisal of its merits, is not representative of the country nor of its competent critical judgment. We may even go further and condemn that hardihood which arrogates to

itself the right to compile and publish the product of a favored brood of wayward poeticules, whose unmetrical aberrations mark the febrile epidemics of the time rather than any legitimate progress in the poetry of the period, and stamp it as the best American poetry of the year. That recent publications of this character, glutted with the cubistic caterwauling of weird young men and asbestos femininity, should flagrantly reveal, in the intemperate praise of their compilers, the press agents of a group of crippled versifiers without gleam or expressional facility, is but one element in a situation which urges the establishment of an authoritative national anthology. In its larger aspect, biased publications of this character are bound to injure the position to which twentieth century American poetry is entitled, not so much because of, as in spite of, the recent advent of many members of the free verse guild and their grotesqueries.

Much beauty, but more madness, has been lately put forth under the Imagist banner. Like the modern dance which began with

delirium, modern poetry of genuine worth must purge itself of the harpies who are corrupting it.

Briefly then, if American poets, of whatever school or style of expression, are to be annually exhibited in an anthology, let the latter be truly representative of the best of current American poetry, and let the judgment of its merit issue from a source and in a manner which will insure its integrity. The creation of a National Anthology of American Poetry achieves this purpose.

THE ANNIVERSARY POEMS

CELEBRATION ODE

I

GREAT City of our love and pride,
Whose centuried fame is nation-wide,
And wider than the alien seas,
To her we cry "All hail!" and bring
Devotion's gifts the while we swing
Censers of burning loyalties.

She answers in the regnant mood
Of Love's triumphant motherhood,
As round her surge the chants and cheers
Of joyous hosts that celebrate
Her times of eld, her new estate,
Her quarter of a thousand years.

II

The sun in heaven did shine
And all the earth sang "glory."
'Twas Beauty's immemorial sign,
And Nature's annual story.
The woodland birds were all awing;
The hills and vales were rich with bloom;

CELEBRATION ODE

'Twas Mayday, heyday of the Spring,
And Life's fresh gladness and perfume.

The fairest flower that decks the earth,
In any clime or season,
Is that of a great ideal whose worth
Time proves at the hest of Reason.
'Twas such they brought, in those days of yore,
And planted deep on our Jersey shore,—
A strange new flower whose growth became
Love's healing for the civic frame.

It spread and every dawn was brighter
And every creature obeyed its thrall;
We count the others lesser, slighter—
The Rose of Freedom is worth them all.
The bluebirds know it,
The grasses show it,
The south winds waft it through mart and street;
All else may perish,
'T is ours to cherish
This Jersey blossom from Robert Treat.

III

Hail Robert Treat the Puritan,
And the brave thirty of his clan!
And that far fair Elizabeth,

Whose feet were first to tread our soil,
A Puritan maid, whose betrothal breath,
Fragrant with legendary grace that knows not death,
Works witchery naught may e'er despoil!

Superior souls were they,
Who, in yon earlier time
Of Oraton's rude Indian sway,
Began this commonwealth sublime.
They laid foundations deep and strong.
The while they built they sang that battle song
The Ironsides chanted at Naseby and Marston Moor,
And all the hosts of freedom shout it forevermore.

The eyes of later sons behold
Their fathers' faith and dreams of old,
Their Puritanism clear and brave,
Love's sterner instrument to save,
Truth's temple built with frame august,
To keep our great committals from the dust.

IV

List to the stir of the minute men!
Hark to the roll of drums
And the tramping of armèd feet!
Lo, the great commander comes—
Washington, leading a great retreat!
Welcome them patriots, now as then!

What soul was his to perceive the stair
From sky down sheer to the Delaware,
And trailing pageantry of light!
What seer of the nearing Christmas night
To hear God's bells through the wintry gloom
Toll out the foeman's doom!

O seven-year fury of war,
For sake of a golden dream!
No whit of Old Glory, or Stripe or Star,
Shall ever bear stain or mar,
While men remember redemption's stream,
And cherish the all-consuming blaze
Of Freedom's holy battle ire—
Those Revolutionary days
When Jersey's blood was fire.

V

O Peace, thou gentle one!
No sound of belching gun
Displays thy heavenly part;
For Beauty's architect thou art.
Thou buildest domes of grace
That catch and echo back
The spirit's joyous singing.
Thy high and sacred place
Is where no tempest's wrack
Its bolts of hate are flinging.

The elements of air and earth!
What willing slaves they fast became
To those new masters! Solid worth
Rose from the dust to shining frame.
Th' expulsive smithy fire,
The mill-wheel's creaking sounds,
Stage-coach, the "Old First" spire,
"The Hunters and the Hounds,"
The workshop, mart and school,
And "Cockloft Hall,"
And Combs and Boyden snapping custom's rule
Across the knees of genuis!—History's thrall
Enwraps and brings the glow of worthy pride
To us to whom our fathers' gifts were undenied.

VI

War clouds were wildly gathering.
One rode through the City's streets,
Under Fate's horoscopes.
Men bowed in awe as he passed—
Lincoln, the hope of a Nation's hopes,
Riding to meet the approaching blast.
O Newark, what memories spring
Out of thy deep heart-beats!

The black storm rolled, surcharged with thunder,
While levin of hate tore the sky asunder;

The earth yawned wide and incarnadine;
Deep hells flared forth where heavens had been;
And Jersey's soul was a sacred cup
Filled unto the brim with patriot blood,
And offered, thank God, sublimely up
For Freedom and Country. And thus she stood,
And thus men marched, her heroes marched—
The ebon sky with light unarched—
And thus the regiments marched, and marched away,
The regiments marched day after day,
While tears were hot upon ashen faces,
And anguish was mistress of love's embraces,
O God! but it was terrible, terrible,—
'Twas part of a Nation's taste of hell,
To be inspirer to oppresséd nations,
Emancipator of future generations.
O City of heroes! Thou didst thy duty well.

Beautiful days since then have been—
Days of our golden heritage.
Right is the warrior's master wage;
Peace is the guerdon that freemen win.

VII

What is this with its mighty thunderings
Shaking a city's fundaments?
This is the voice composite of toil that springs
Out of ten thousand fiery vents.

This is the roar of a city's industrial life,
Throb of her engines, whirr of her wheels,
Furnace and dynamo, traffic and artistry rife,
Strenuous giant that rages and reels
Backward and forward with passion cyclonic strained,
Lifting gigantic arms and hands
Glutted with products, by sweat and by sinew gained,
Offered to native and alien lands.

Wise men who follow Love's starry frame,
Here in this modern age,
See where it hovers now
Sheer over smokestack and belching of flame,
Greet Right's increasing wage,
Unto his triumphs bow.

VIII

Queen City of Industry!
And whence doth wisdom come?
Never a mortal son,
Only the Thronéd One
Is great enough for thee
And all thy radiant future's sum.
Thy sires immortal on heights above
Chant Vision's increasing strain,—
'T is God alone has the right to reign,
Since He is the Lord of Love.

The discords of drudgery turn to melodious measures
That fill the machinery of toil;
Faith's song of emancipation, time's chiefest of treasures,
Ascends out of life's turmoil.
The heart of the quickening world rejoices;
Democracy's prophets command, "Make way!"
While Wealth and Labor, with federate voices,
Proclaim the Earth's New Day,
And all the hosts of service spring
Up the steep slopes of righteousness,
To answer Justice with loud "Yes,"
To answer Love as 'twere their King.

IX

Out of the marshes she proudly rises,
Greeting her Golden Age;
Civic symbol of Art's emprises,
Liberty's heritage,
Triumph of Industry, Glory of Miracle,
Facing the Future's alluring spell.

Set all the whistles blowing!
Set all the flags a-flying!
Cheer her predestined majesty!
Chant her apocalypse!

CELEBRATION ODE

Up to her feet the sea is flowing;
Thousands of eager ships are lying
Waiting her on the invaded sea.
Hers are the sea and the ships.
Blow, whistles blow! Wave flags unfurled!
Newark belongs to the world.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

THE POETRY OF THE NEWARK PAGEANT AND MASQUE

The Drummer

[*Appears in the belfry of the south pylon, beating his drum.*]

Oyez, Oyez, folk of this town, Oyez!
Behold, I beat for you the years away,
Drum out the rhythmic seasons, make the Spring
Dance and the Summer sing, the Autumn blaze,
The Winter whiten drift on drift, and thaw
Again into the flowery drifts of May.
Three score and seven years I beat, and these
The founders and the fathers of the town,
The stern and solemn pioneers, descend
To honored rest, and them I wake no more.
But through these years a fire hath smouldered deep
Amid the toils and prayers—a fire of wrong:
And now . . .
With violent breath to cry injustices
It flames aloft. And Learning, sedulous
Of quiet days, shrinks from the storm, but leaves
In the high heart of youth the battle cry,
And freedom's trumpets with the bells of faith

Chiming together. "Times that try men's souls"
Are these, and brands upon the gale of war
Blow round our spires, and thunders of close battles
Nearer and nearer strike upon our ears.
Awake, ye drums! Listen, all ye who dream,
For here I rouse from the dark sleep of time
The vision of that mighty discontent
As here it burned, that lashed the land to flame.

[*The roll of the drums sounds again, diminishes, and the* DRUMMER *disappears.*]

THE BELLMAN

[*Appears in the belfry of the north pylon, ringing his bell.*]

The smokes of battle lift, and a new day,
A day of freedom dearly bought, dawns here.
And a new nation rising from a dream
Shakes off her sleep and looks with hopeful eyes
Upon the morn. Ring clear, O Newark bells,
To greet again the honored guest, the friend
Of the Republic, Lafayette. And ring
For that strong man of cunning hand and brain,
Seth Boyden, who with high humility
Gave to our city and the world his toil,
And asking naught, made richer all our days;
For in his name we roll the many names
Of those who by invention and design

Have given garlands to the city's brow,
And golden words, and fame throughout the land.
Ring for the years that circle silently
Till here again our vision groweth bright
Upon the glow and mirth and festival,
And on the day when Newark doffed the cloak,
The ancient village cloak, and stood new-girt
In a grave City's robes; and yet again
Upon the loyal townsmen when the word
Of Lincoln's coming stirred along the streets,
And men went forth to meet the gathering storm.

[*The bell is struck again, and the* BELLMAN *vanishes.*]

THE MASQUE OF NEWARK

[*The stage is wholly enveloped in mist, and through this, as the music of the masque begins, fireflies are seen weaving a curious dance with their lights in the darkness. With the chorus of the Mist Spirits, the stage is gradually lighted, disclosing the dance of the Mists.*]

CHORUS

Mists of the night and morning,
Drifting and billowing low,
Marsh lights aglow and the watery moon,
And the rose on the crests in the dawning.

Green of the spring in the meadows
Lifting along by the lea,
Grasses that veil the rim of the dune
Where the sky comes down to the sea.

Flowers of the marsh on the sea wind,
Fragrantly blown to the east,
Sweet with the smokes of the springtide
When the snows and the storms have ceased.

Over the waters the singing,
The lights and the magical rose—
Mists of the night and the morning
And the flowers in the veil of the snows.

[*Enter the* PURITAN SPIRIT.]

THE WATCHER

Behold, O Spirit, she who cometh forth—
The soul of thy city.

[*As the* CHORUS *sings,* NEWARK, *figured as a majestic woman in garb of violet and gold, borne aloft in a great throne, enters from the gateway. She is attended by her Herald, Law, Church, and the Civic Virtues in stately attire.*]

CHORUS

Behold, the gates swing wide!
Behold, the banners in air!

She comes, aloft on the tide
She comes as a queen would fare;
Forth to the call of the voice,
Forth to the night and the stars,
A crown on her red gold hair:
A city to rise and rejoice,
A queen—and her broidered state
Rich with high deeds and old wars,
A city, whose trumpets elate
Proclaim in jubilant blast,
Proclaim to the hills and the sea
The grace of the years that are past,
The glory of years to be.

The Puritan Spirit

And Life will break and change eternal things
If the soul be not steadfast.
Hark, City, to my word. I set thee here.
I chose this land; I toiled through exiled days
And nights of tyranny for thee. And lo,
I charge thee, where I strike this rock to flame,
Be thou its guardian.

[*He strikes the altar with his staff and fire appears.*]

Newark, remember, thou art dedicate
To the high trust of an enduring faith
To rule by them in whom my spirit dwells,
To be a refuge from idolatries.

Let not thy gates stand open to the world
And all the world's unholiness. Let those
Who kneel not, pray not as I pray, depart.
Let thy looms weave not vanities, thy forges
Spend not their heat on unregenerate steel.
Be of one faith, one heart—one love and law,
And keep upon this altar stone my fire
And in thy heart my counsels. For I pass
Within thy gates as one who seeks his home.
Newark, remember!

THE WATCHER

Too stern a law will break itself. The years
Are filled with life that changes. Look on them.
Take counsel with their voices, and distil
Out of their fruitage a more tolerant fire,
That flutters in the wind of time, but dies not.

[*As he speaks a ghostly procession appears before Newark and the Puritan Spirit—a procession of the Years of Newark. Some of them are figures of grace and dignity, from childhood to old age; and many are the great souls who in the past have enriched the City's life, the Founders, the Patriots, the Nourishers of growth and wonder. As the years pass, their march reflecting its stately measure in the placid waters, the* CHORUS *is heard.*]

CHORUS

The tread of the years is a solemn tread,
  Slowly they pass,
And their faces the waters mirror back
  As a maid's in a glass.

A child of the years is a city's life,
  Changing and growing,
And the faces of all her dreamers live,
  Dreaming and glowing;

The dreamers and masters of dreams go by
  In glory and pity;
These are thine—ghosts of thy glory—
  Look up, O City.

For the fire will rise and the spring will bloom
  When the heart is wise,
And the years as they pass are filled with dreams
  As with stars the skies.
  [*The Processional passes from sight.*]

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

I yield me, Watcher, to the living world,
And to the mighty memories by these
Brought home. I see my city richer for
Their high traditions and immortal names.
I call—and now at last I trust. I lift
Mine eyes to welcome Liberty.

[*Music;* LIBERTY *enters, followed by a train of the spirits of primeval beauty who at the opening of the Masque were banished by the* PURITAN. LIBERTY *approaches* NEWARK*; the groups of the Nations and Industries kneel; she touches* NEWARK'S *hands and lips as though with some mysterious incantation.* NEWARK *rises, the grayness of her desolation falling from her as a cloak. She stands forward between* LIBERTY *and the* PURITAN SPIRIT.]

NEWARK

Rejoice, O ye who call my walls your home.
Our fathers stablished toil and love and faith;
The years have brought us light and Liberty;
The nations sent us from their mightiest souls
Their dreams and triumphs. Now the tide is flood.
Now stand I at the peak of this my life,
Look back with pride, look forward with high heart,
And lift my voice with yours, articulate.
Rejoice! Proclaim to-night my golden hour:
Lift to the stars your songs of festival.

CHORUS

All hail! Fair City in fame,
All hail! To Newark's mighty name.
The golden shafts of morning strike the spires
Above the mists with reverential fires;
Let all the sails of all the world

In thy deep harbor be unfurled.
All hail! Fair city high in fame.

To thee, O City dedicate
To God and Truth, we come in state!
Hail, proud spirit of Newark—hail
City of faith and liberty!

Look now upon thine onward years and raise
Thy heart and voice in prayer and praise.
O Newark, lift thy crownèd head in pride
Remembering those who served thee ere they died!

[*The nations pass before* NEWARK *in processional.*]

Accept thine homage, Newark, free,
From all the nations,
From all the nations,
Homage from nations leal to thee.

All hail! Fair City high in fame,
All hail! To Newark's mighty name.
The golden shafts of morning strike thy spires
Above the mists with reverential fires;
Let all the sails of all the world
In thy deep harbor be unfurled.
All hail! Fair city high in fame.

[*The lights sink as the mists again rise, and the Pageant disappears.*]

THE PRIZE POEMS

First Prize Poem

THE SMITHY OF GOD

Author—Clement Wood, New York City
Nom de plume—Vulcan Smith
Entry 136; Percentage 675

A CHANT

I

[*A bold, masculine chant.*]

I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men—
Here at a smithy God wrought, and flung
Earthward, down to this rolling shore,
God's mighty hammer I have swung,
With crushing blows that thunder and roar,
And delicate taps, whose echoes have rung
Softly to heaven and back again;
Here I labor, forging men.
Out of my smithy's smouldering hole,
As I forge a body and mould a soul,
The jangling clangors ripplewise roll.

THE SMITHY OF GOD

[*The voice suggests the noises of the city.*]

Clang, as a hundred thousand feet
Tap-tap-tap down the morning street,
And into the mills and factories pour,
Like a narrowed river's breathing roar.

Clang, as two thousand whistles scream
Their seven-in-the-morning's burst of steam,
Brass-throated Sirens, calling folk
To the perilous breakers of din and smoke.
Clang, as ten thousand vast machines
Pound and pound, in their pulsed routines,
Throbbing and stunning, with deafening beat,
The tiny humans lost at their feet.

Clang, and the whistle and whirr of trains,
Rattle of ships unleased of their chains,
Fire-gongs, horse-trucks' jolts and jars,
Traffic-calls, milk-carts, droning cars . . .

[*A softer strain.*]

Clang, and a softer shiver of noise
As school-bells summon the girls and boys;
And a mellower tone, as the churches ring
A people's reverent worshipping.

[*Still more softly and drowsily, the last line whispered.*]

Clang, and clang, and clang, and clang,
Till a hundred thousand tired feet
Drag-drag-drag down the evening street,
And gleaming the myriad street-lights hang;
The far night-noises dwindle and hush,
The city quiets its homing rush;
The stars glow forth with a silent sweep,
As hammer and hammered drowse asleep . . .
Softly I sing to heaven again,
I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men.

II

[*Antichorus, with restrained bitterness, and notes of wailing and sorrow.*]

You are Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men . . .
You take God's children, and forge a race
Unhuman, exhibiting hardly a trace
Of Him and His loveliness in their face.
Counterfeiting his gold with brass,
Blanching the roses, scorching the grass,
Filling with hatred and greed the whole,
Shrivelling the body, withering the soul.

What have you done with the lift of youth,
As they bend in the mill, and bend in the mill?
Where have you hidden beauty and truth,

As they bend in the mill?
Where is the spirit seeking the sky,
As they stumble and fall, stumble and fall?
What is life, if the spirit die,
As they stumble and fall?

[*With bitter resignation.*]

Clang, and the strokes of your hammer grind
Body and spirit, courage and mind;
Smith of the devil, well may you be
Proud of your ghastly forgery;
Dare you to speak to heaven again,
Newark, Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men?

III

[*Beginning quietly, gathering certainty.*]

I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men.
Well I know that the metal must glow
With a scorching, searing heat;
Well I know that blood must flow,
And floods of sweat, and rivers of woe;
That underneath the beat
Of the hammer, the metal will writhe and toss;
That there will be much and much of loss
That has to be sacrificed,

Before I can forge body and soul
That can stand erect and perfect and whole
In the sight of Christ.

[*Sadly and somberly.*]

My hammer is numb to sorrows and aches,
My hammer is blind to the ruin it makes,
My hammer is deaf to shriek and cry
That ring till they startle water and sky.

And sometimes with me the vision dims
At the sight of bent backs and writhing limbs;
And sometimes I blindly err, and mistake
The perfect glory I must make.

[*Rising to a song of exultant triumph.*]

But still I labor and bend and toil,
Shaping anew the stuff I spoil;
And out of the smothering din and grime
I forge a city for all time:
A city beautiful and clean,
With wide sweet avenues of green,
With gracious homes and houses of trade,
Where souls as well as things are made.
I forge a people fit to dwell
Unscathed in the hottest heart of hell,
And fit to shine, erect and straight,
When we shall see His kingdom come

THE SMITHY OF GOD

On earth, over all of Christendom,—
And I stand up, shining and great,
Lord of an unforeseen estate.
Then I will cry, and clearly then,
I am Newark, forger of men.

Second Prize Poem

THE CITY OF HERITAGE

Author—Anna Blake Mezquida, San Francisco, Cal.
Nome de plume—Anne Grinfill
Entry 278; Percentage 575

DOWN where the swift Passaic
Flows on to the placid bay,
Where the marshes stretch to the restless sea,
And the green hills cling in the mountain's lee,
There the sad-eyed Lenni-Lenape
Unchallenged held their sway.

Gentlest of all their neighbors,
Proud race of the Delaware,
They lived in the land where their fathers dwelt,
They killed the game and they cured the pelt,
And marked the blue in the wampum belt—
The purple and blue so rare.

When day tripped over the meadows
Fresh as a maiden trim,
They skirted the trails where the black swamps lie,

They notched the cedars to guide them by,
And wandered free as the birds that fly
Beyond the river's rim.

But few were the moons that silvered
The mountain's hoary side,
When over the banks where the waters foam,
Over the fields where they loved to roam,
Into the heart of their forest home
They watched the pale-face stride.

Unconquered, and loath to conquer,
They hid the arrow and bow;
The mat was spread for the honored guest;
They hung bright beads on the stranger's breast,
And mutely, singing, they bade him rest
Before the camp-fire's glow.

The suns of a hundred noondays
Blazed down on river and hill,
And the pale-face walked in the red-man's land;
A pious, fearless and strong-souled band,
For home and for country they took their stand,
And served God with a will.

Where the waters gleamed in splendor,
And the meadows glistened green,
They founded a town with an English name;
Their sternness shielded it like a flame,

And woe to the creature of sloth or shame
    Who dared let himself be seen!

They founded the house of learning;
    They built them the place of trade;
They guarded their laws by the force of might—
The laws that they held as a free man's right;
And first to pray, they were first to fight
    When foemen stood arrayed.

And staunch were their children's children,
    Brave men of a stalwart breed,
Who fought for the land where their fathers fought,
And kept the faith that was dearly bought,
That a brother-man, in the shackles caught,
    Forever might be freed.

And into the growing city
    Poured German and Celt and Scot,
All seeking the land of the sore-oppressed—
The land that all free-born souls had blest,
And put of their manhood's brawny best
    Into the melting pot.

. . . . . .

The moccasined feet have padded
    Into the silence vast,
And the smoke-stacks belch where the camp-fires glowed,
Yet the white man reaps what the red man sowed,
For the friendliness to the stranger showed
    Shall live while the town shall last.

THE CITY OF HERITAGE

Unfearing, true and sturdy,
The Puritan left his mark;
Though he sleeps beneath the grassy sod,
Though a million feet o'er his bones have trod,
Yet he leaves his faith and his love of God
To light men through the dark.

The soldier's battles are over;
His deeds but a written page!
Now the living pass by his low green tent,
But the patriot fires of a young life spent,
And a country whole from a country rent
He leaves to a future age.

The toiler that strove and builded,
And into the furnace hurled
Not coals alone, but his hopes and dreams,
Has lighted a beacon that ever gleams,—
While ships that sail on a hundred streams
Shall bear his gifts to the world.

Then rise to your heritage, Newark!
It cannot be swept away
Like chaff by the sullen north winds blown,
Or barren seed that is lightly sown,
For out of the past has the present grown—
The city men love to-day!

Third Prize Poem

NEWARK—1916

Author—Albert E. Trombly, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nom de plume—Edmond St. Hilaire
Entry 262; Percentage 540

I

THEY tell us that your streets are lined with trees
And daily swept, that numbered on your rolls
You vaunt of nigh a half a million souls—
Athens and Rome have envied things like these!
But tell me—are they *men* the stranger sees
In your great hive, men bent on manly goals?
And can he find recorded on your scrolls
That hearts as well as streets are cleansed of lees?

And are there in those hearts recesses shaded
From the hot turmoil of the dusty day,
Where, shaking off the bonds that chafe and shackle,
The soul may enter in, dejected, jaded,
Forget the burden of its old dismay,
And dream awhile in love's own tabernacle?

II

'Tis not in numbers that a city's great:
The population of the Attic town
Is quite forgotten now; but what came down
Is Sophocles portraying love and hate;
The life of Socrates and his sad fate;
Praxiteles bidding marble smile or frown;
Demosthenes denouncing Philip's crown;
And Plato's vision of the perfect state.

'Tis not for numbers that a town should cope:
For Babylon, not Athens, follows then,
And Babylon we know but by its fall;
No, not in numbers let us place our hope,
But in the large heart of the citizen
Who sacrifices self to succor all.

III

Who praises Athens, praises Pericles.
'Twas he who dreamed the Parthenon, and drew
Artist and artisan to shape for you
The columns of the temple and the frieze.
And merchants brought their wares from over-seas;
And teachers gathered there, and statesmen too;
And Phidias came, beneath whose chisel grew
Athena, perfect in her haughty ease.

NEWARK—1916

So must you summon to your citadel,
Men from the fields and men by visions led,
That each may be the other's counterpart.
For never can we mortals fashion well
Unless some give us where to lay the head,
While others dream a refuge for the heart.

NEWARK

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

Sayers Coe

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!
Hark to the music that the hammers beat!
List to the tramp of the marching feet!
See, where the forges redly glow!
This is the song that my children know—
Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Hear me, Cities of Men:
I speak from the fullness of years and deeds;
I speak with the courage of dreams come true;
I thrill with the past my fathers knew;
I throb with life as the present speeds;
I pant for the future I dream of anew.
Hear me, Cities of Men!

First came the Founder who fathered the dream;
Then came the settler who carried it out—
Merchants to barter, and traders to scheme;
Churchmen to worship, severe and devout;
Farmers to till, and lawyers to plead;

Hunters to kill, and doctors to cure;
Poets to write, and critics to read;
Men to be wealthy, and men to be poor.
These made the city; I prospered, until
I outgrew the lowland and climbed up the hill.

Then rose the sound of the drum,
Calling my sons to the sword,
Rollings its "Come! Come! Come!"
Striking the master-chord:
"Come! for your country calls!
Come from the field and town!
Come from the huts and halls!
Off with the tyrant Crown!
Strike for your homes and rights!
Smite—for Jehovah smites!"
Thus came the sound of the drum,
Rolling its "Come! Come! Come!"

Gladly I suffered and freely gave,
Joyful I bled.
Out from my gates marched the young and the brave;
Swiftly they sped
To die that the banner of Freedom might wave,
To rest unsung in a lonely grave.
Honor my dead!

Republic! Land of Liberty!
Country of opportunity!

I felt the thrill—
I knew the zest of toil;
And from the wild turmoil
Fashioned my will.

Success was mine, and on the placid stream
Of civic growth I floated in a dream
Of world-wide commerce. All the while I grew,
Yet proudly wondered as the dream came true.

Then with a crash came the days of despair;
Broken the Union, and flaming with war.
Sadly I rose to shoulder my share—
Bravely my children bore themselves there.
Peace stilled the cannons' roar.

Now were the welcome days of peace,
When slowly I prospered with steady increase
Of lands and wealth and pride and fame,
Far over the seas my children came—
Briton and German, Frenchman and Pole,
From the kingdom, republic, and little enclave;
Seeking for freedom of body and soul,
Russian, Italian, Irish, and Slav.
All, all I welcomed with boisterous delight;
They were my sinews, and they are my might.
I took them strangers, and made them mine own,
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.
They gave me their labor. I to repay

NEWARK

Give them myself in my glory today.
With them is my future, for they are my past;
I am their own to exalt or to blast.

Ever I peer ahead;
Ever I dream again—

Have I been cleansed by pain?
What have I merited?
Ever the answers firmly come;
Ever I hear my children's song,
Rising above the marching throng,
Over the engines' busy hum.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!
Hark to the music that the hammers beat!
List to the tramp of the marching feet!
See, where the forges redly glow!
This is the song that my children know—
Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

PURITAN NEWARK

KATHERINE BAKER

PURITAN Newark,
The Martha of cities,
Careful and provident
Sits at her spindles.

Down the world's pathways
Hobo and Tsar,
Shod by her industry,
Borne in her carriages,
Jeweled or clothed by her,
Pass without gratitude.

Still her shrewd sons,
Like their stern forebears
Who came from Connecticut,
Make their religion
The gospel of usefulness,
Still with their hymnals
Wadding their guns.

Jews, in her factories,
Pollacks and Finns and Greeks,

PURITAN NEWARK

Sweat out new destinies:
Wring from strange chemicals
Lives for their children,
Wealth for the world.

Build for their children
Her schools and her aqueducts,
Build themselves citizens
Of no mean city;
Forge in her foundries
The soul of America.

So when swift trains
Are rolling through Newark,
Men at the windows see,
Far down a busy street,
Flash in perspective
The Goddess of Liberty.

TO NEWARK

HANIEL LONG

THE day a modern city celebrates
Her age, and wonders what her life may mean,
Long dead philosophers could come to her,
Poets and scientists should throng to her,
And the most noble thoughts of men and women
Alive and dead, should quicken in her mind.
The clouds and stars should speak, nor should the fields
Be dumb; and the procession of the years
Should bring her many a richly 'broidered word
Taken from the loom of time.
What would they say?
Newark, the years would bring the self-same words
They brought of old to Baghdad and Peking
And many an elder city now forgotten,
The self-same words they bring to San Francisco,
London, Berlin; for they would say to you
That though the gardens of the distant past
Are fair in memory, and though the dust
Of ancient times came to consummate flower
In many a beautifully bodied girl
And boy, in many a tender-hearted woman
And stalwart man, this life of ours to-day

TO NEWARK

Is quite as fair, and animated dust
As precious. They would say to you that still
Apples of the Hesperides are bright
And waiting to be picked, and days are fresh,
And dogwood still is white in early May.
And they would say that never any town
Was more belovèd of eternity
Nor given a more golden chance. Newark,
You have the only stuff that ever was
Of glory, for you have the souls of men:
The dream of love and justice which you weave
Out of the faces in your thoroughfares,—
A girl-like sunlight on the tasseled corn;
Beside her, eager with his love, a youth
Whose stride is music and whose laugh is wine,—
The dream you weave of them, the dream you weave
Of all your children and their hopes and fears,
Will be a prophecy of time to come,
When, in the wisdom of his ageless heart,
Mankind shall build the City Beautiful.

NEWARK

Minnie J. Reynolds

A hundred years he slept beside
The meadows with their salty tide;
Without, the century rushed and screamed—
But still he slept, and never dreamed.

The bees buzzed round him where he lay;
The honied scent of new-mown hay
Came wafted down the village street—
Those hundred placid years to greet.

The second laggard century crept,
Slow loitering on, and still he slept;
But in his sleep he dreamed and stirred—
And on his lips a muttered word.

Troubled, he turned; he vaguely sighed;
His eyes, half opened, saw the wide
Horizons that, beyond his ken,
Swept out into the world of men.

With shriek and shot and clangorous din
Came his third century leaping in;

NEWARK

He sprang to meet it with a roar—
The giant wakes, to sleep no more.

By the salt meadows there he stands,
With knotted muscles, iron hands,
And fills a thousand rushing keels,
And turns ten thousand thousand wheels.

He hurls the rushing trains afar,
He calls where distant peoples are,
And bids them work with sweating speed
His clamorous engines still to feed.

And islands in far southern seas
For him denude their tropic trees;
And in the jungle's endless night
Toil slaves to feed the giant's might.

His harvest field is all the earth,
Raw wealth he gleans, and gives it birth
In forms of use for all the world;
His flag of toil is never furled.

By the salt meadows there he stands,
A giant, with his iron hands
Grasping a throttle open wide—
And round him sweep horizons wide.

THE BALLAD OF SETH BOYDEN'S GIFT

ALICE READE ROUSE

High in the Square his statue stands,
INVENTOR carved beneath:
But he who crimsoned the lips of Spring
Might wear a Poet's wreath.

OLD Newark sat in its bosky streets,
Tidy and prim and serene;
Prankt with posies and orchard sweets
To the fringe of its marshes green.

'Twas after the fighting of 1812
Seth Boyden came to town;
He'd licked the British,—and they'd licked him,—
And he wanted to settle down.

Old Newark called to him potently,
Though none but himself could hear
That clashing summons as it clanged
On his prophetic ear:

None but himself see that clean blue sky
With its white little chubby clouds,

SETH BOYDEN'S GIFT

Grimed with the reek of his chimneys tall,
  Grim with his black smoke-shrouds.

"Thou hast lent me talents ten, Lord God,"
  To his Maker deep he prayed:
"An Thou prosper me, I will give them back
  Tenfold increased," he said.

Long with his cunning hands he wrought,
  Long with his seething brain,
That God might not require of him
  His usury in vain.

He watched the hedgerow'd village lanes
  Where tinkling cows browsed home
Herded by whistling barefoot lads,
  Great thoroughfares become:

Stone-paven streets where clicked the heels
  In castanetted tune
Of all new Newark's gentlefolk,
  Shod with his shining shoon.

Malleable to his iron will,
  He bent earth's iron bars:
The lightning Franklin had lured down,
  He flashed back to the stars.

A thousand men he kept at work,
  A thousand ships at toil,

SETH BOYDEN'S GIFT

A thousand ways of increase he
  Wrought out upon the soil.

At length in life's cool afternoon,
  He paced his garden-place:—
A garden clipt from Newark's youth,
  Gay with its old-time grace.

Outside his gates he heard the growl
  Of labor chained to the wheel,
The roar of his captured genii bound,
  The shriek of his tortured steel.

He thought of old Newark's bosky streets,
  Tidy and prim and serene,
Prankt with posies and orchard sweets
  To the fringe of its marshes green.

He said: "I have had my work to do
  Thy lendings to increase,
Lord God:—to pay Thee back Thy loan
  Before my days should cease.

"Now, ere my death-hour strike, I would
  I might just pleasure Thee!
Give Thee and Newark some quaint gift
  All free from merchantry."

Up from the garden-sward there breathed
  An exquisite bouquet:

Fresh, faint, and fragrant as a wine
  For fairies on Mayday.

And glancing down, Seth Boyden saw
  The wonder at his feet:
Wild strawberries like elfin cups
  Brimmed with ecstatic sweet:

Too frail for aught save dryades
  To taste with leafy lips,
Yet aromatic as the juice
  That Puck in secret sips.

Seth Boyden smiled: with careful skill
  He culled the perfect plants.
Through patient moons he wove his spells
  Till knowledge conquered chance.

He fed and watered, pruned and plucked,
  Till from his garden-sod,
There blazed a berry fit to feed
  A hero or a god!

This was the gift Seth Boyden gave
  To all his world for boon;
That Heaven might smile and Newark feast
  From April on through June.

For the great epic of his toil
  Heaped laurels are his meed:

And garlands for the loveliness
Of that last lyric deed.

High in the Square his statue stands,
INVENTOR carved beneath:
But he who invented strawberries,
Might wear a Poet's wreath!

THE SILENT MESSAGE

JAMES H. TUCKLEY

CITY of throbbing wheels and marts,
Where thrive all nations and all arts,
What cheer, what cheer brings in this year,
This white commemorative year?
Is there a voice to reach men's hearts?
Old First's brown ancient spire alway
Points up from the soil
Where the Founders trod,
Points up from the moil
Where the myriads plod,
From the scenes of toil,
From the sacred sod,
And seems to say in a silent way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

O driven minds, O frantic feet,
O surging throngs of shop and street,
Is ever hush upon your soul,
Is ever pause, to see life whole,
Or is this life, this feverish heat?
Lone spokesman of an older day,
That spire, like a finger of faith, alway

Points up from the soil
  Where the Founders trod,
Points up from the moil
  Where the myriads plod,
From the scenes of toil,
  From the sacred sod,
And seems to say in a pleading way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

O ye who seek with purblind sight
The frantic day's more frantic night,
Why in your pleasure gleam so plain
The tense and pallid looks of pain
Beneath the incandescents white?
Lone spokesman of an older day,
Old First's dim looming spire alway
Points up from the soil
  Where the Founders trod,
From the scenes of toil,
  From the sacred sod,
Points up from the moil
  Where the myriads plod,
And seems to say in a warning way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

O little shadowy graveyard old,
Where lie the ancient true and bold,
Are these, long pent in dusty cell,
The very lives men loved so well,

Or is this but their bodies' mould?
Lone spokesman of an older day,
That spire, like a finger of faith, alway
Points up from the soil
  Where the Founders trod,
Points up from the moil
  Where the myriads plod,
From the scenes of toil,
  From the sacred sod,
And seems to say in a hopeful way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

THE BUILDERS

BERTON BRALEY

NEVER a jungle is penetrated,
Never an unknown sea is dared,
Never adventure is consummated,
Never a faint new trail is fared,
But that some dreamer has had the vision
Which leads men on to the ends of earth,
That laughs at doubting, and scorns derision,
And falters not at the cynic's mirth.

So the dreamer dreams, but there follows after
The mighty epic of steel and stone,
When caison, scaffold and well and rafter
Have made a fact where the dream was shown;
And so with furnace and lathe and hammer,
With blast that rumbles and shaft that gleams,
Her factories crowned with a grimy glamour,
Newark buildeth the dreamers' dreams.

Where the torrent leaps with a roar of thunder,
Where the bridge is built or the dam is laid,
Where the wet walled tunnel burrows under
Mountain, river and palisade,

THE BUILDERS

There is Newark's magic of nail or girder,
Of spikes and castings and posts and beams,
The need and wants of the world have spurred her,
Newark—city that builds our dreams.

She has fashioned tools for the world's rough duty,
For the men who dig and the men that hew,
She has fashioned jewels for wealth and beauty,
She has shod the prince and the pauper, too;
So the dreamer dreams, he's the wonder waker,
With soul that hungers and brain that teems,
But back of him toils the magic-maker,
Newark—city that builds his dreams.

THE HILLFOLK SPEAK

SIMON BARR

WE are the giftless ones, the empty of hand,
Bearing no joy to you, miracle City rejoicing,
We have no flowers for your hair, and no flaming brand.
Flagless the sky on the hill
And the streets without gleam,
And the dawn and the night are still,
Without song for the voicing;
There is no song in our hearts, having Death for a dream.
We have not reared to you statues, for the still grey form of sorrow
Finds no place in your streets.
And we cannot greet the sun, seeing but tears,
And we cannot dance to the morrow,
For the heavy chains of the years
Shackle our feet.

We are the giftless ones, the bearers only of prayers.

Out of strange dreams we came,
Dwellers on distant hills through the myriad miles of unknowing,

Bearing strange visions and yearning after a name—
Like a Star.
Fleeing the jibe and the torment, the labor of years
overthrowing,
We came to the outstretched hand and the welcome
flung afar,
We who had dwelt where the night comes like a
steel-mailed fist
And the day like a spear.
And the hours are dragging manacles or the lashes of
whips.
We heard your pæan of greeting through the deadly
net of fear
And we came to the magical towers and the magical
flag in the mist
With prayers on our lips.
We that have worn the crown of thorns,
Kingless and landless we came to the land
Where all the kings and worship erect,
Even as those who, fleeing the ancient scorn,
Came empty of hand,
And built you, O wonderful City, miracle decked.

We are giftless, the bearer only of prayers.

We, too, have built the city's walls and its towers,
Where there was marsh and a silence now flares the
chorus of steel.
We fashioned the tool and the wheel

And breathed into them their powers.
We that came empty-handed have given of hand and soul:
The thousand stacks we built that strive like hands to the clouds;
For every brick and bar we have paid its bloody toll;
Ours are the living threads that bring you strength and light;
And force the pulse through your streets
And the murmurous life of your crowds;
Ours is the golden stream and the might;
Ours is the striving, the glory and the light;
Ours is the city and ours is the good thereof—
It is ours—to its beauty we have given more than love!

Yet we are the giftless ones, the bearers only of prayers.

For us are only the ashes, we that have made the flame;
To us is flung but the dross, the maker of gold.
We that have given you power are counted as fuel
And burnt and bought and sold.
You have wrought of our Hill a shame
And given us houses like smudges on the earth.
Our day is not of the sun and the night is cruel
And Sorrow stalks through our houses, hand in hand with Dearth.

Our fleeting lives are a breath, a pain and a breath—
And ever we have for our neighbor, Death.

We are the giftless ones, listen and heed our prayers.

Give us a little glory of all we have made,
O miracle City.
Give us a little of sunlight, a little of life;
Of all the fruit of the years and the centuries' trade,
Give us a little bread;
O give us strength for the strife.
Give us a little of pity—
Before we are dead.

We are the giftless ones, grant us our prayers.

Give us, O miracle City, this year of years,
Strength for your greater glory,
Power for greater height;
Give us surcease of tears,
Joy and joy in the might—
To build your towers to the sun and to fashion your
story
Of right!

TO A CITY SENDING HIM ADVERTISEMENTS

Ezra Pound

BUT will you do all these things?
You, with your promises,
You, with your claims to life,
Will you see fine things perish?
Will you always take sides with the heavy;
Will you, having got the songs you ask for,
Choose only the worst, the coarsest?
Will you choose flattering tongues?

Sforza . . . Baglione!
Tyrants, were flattered by one renaissance,
And will your Demos,
Trying to match the rest, do as the rest,
The hurrying other cities,
Careless of all that's quiet,
Seeing the flare, the glitter only?

Will you let quiet men
live and continue among you,
Making, this one, a fane,
This one, a building;
Or this bedevilled, casual, sluggish fellow

TO A CITY

Do, once in a life, the single perfect poem,
And let him go unstoned?

Are you alone? Others make talk
and chatter about their promises,
Others have fooled me when I sought the soul.
And your white slender neighbor,
a queen of cities,
A queen ignorant, can you outstrip her;
Can you be you, say,
As Pavia's Pavia
And not Milan swelling and being modern
despite her enormous treasure?

If each Italian city is herself,
Each with a form, light, character,
To love and hate one, and be loved and hated,
never a blank, a wall, a nullity;
Can you, Newark, be thus,
setting a fashion
But little known in our land?
The rhetoricians
Will tell you as much. Can you achieve it?
You ask for immortality, you offer a price for it,
a price, a prize, and honour?

You ask a life, a life's skill,
bent to the shackle,
bent to implant a soul
in your tick commerce?

TO A CITY

Or the God's foot
struck on your shoulder
effortless,
being invoked, properly called,
invited?
I throw down his ten words,
and we are immortal?

In all your hundreds of thousands
who will know this;
Who will see the God's foot,
who catch the glitter,
The silvery heel of Apollo;
who know the oblation
Accepted, heard in the lasting realm?

If your professors, mayors, judges . . . ?
Reader, we think not . . .
Some more loud-mouthed fellow,
slamming a bigger drum,
Some fellow rhyming and roaring,
Some more obsequious back,
Will receive their purple,
be the town's bard,
Be ten days hailed as immortal,
But you will die or live
By the silvery heel of Apollo.

THE SOUL OF THE CITY

EDWARD N. TEALL

(NEWARK: 1666–1916)

WRITE a poem of Newark? I think you are mad!
What is there poetic in Newark?
For Pegasus, what has Newark but the pound?
Suppose Homer sang at the Four Corners!
Newark might pity his beard and blindness,
But as for his verses—Poof!

If a poet walked through Broad Street,
Newark would laugh at his long hair,
Newark would jeer and jibe,
And in the end kill him with disregard more cruel
than scorn or the flung stone,
Or spew him out of the corporate urban mouth.

Write a poem of Newark?

Write a poem of the stomach ache,
A poem of a droning beehive!
Hammer out words to fit the strident cacophonies

Wrung by some exiled son of Italy
Out of a box on wheels
With wheezy bellows in its bowels
And the meter regulated by a handle on a crank shaft.

Would not that be the music of an American city?

Still! Milton wrote of a beehive,
"As when in Spring the sun with Taurus rides,"
You know those lines of limpid melody.
(John Milton was nobody's fool—
When it came to smiting the lyre.)

Are humans less usable stuff
Of poetry than apis?

And others have spun music out of their inward pains,
Wrung vocal harmonies from physical discords—
And a stomach ache is not less a part
Of man's grotesquely constituted being
Than are those maladies of soul
Whose treatment made the Tragedist of Avon great!

And a city of America
In this conglomerate era
Is a huge and writhing indigestion.

There must be poetry in it!
Celebrate the years of Newark?

What is a year, that number it,
Name it as we do the new baby,
Or Newark's new hotel—
As Robert Treat had in a name
Identity distinct?

A year is so much growth?
So many new houses, new babies,
New methods in your mills,
So many sprouting tombstones in your graveyards,
So many new voices in your pulpits,
New faces (sealed with wax of hypocrite polite attention) in the pews;
So many new streets laid open
(Gashing and scarring the ancient hills and fertile fields)—
So many new names entered on the baptismal record (or the station-house blotter),
So many more minted dollars
In municipal coffers
(Or sidetracked into political pockets)—
So many suburbs ingurgitated?

But if the Founders could return,
We would read
In their city
A Poem!

The steel cars,
The tracks in the streets

And high powered, soft cushioned limousines, juggernauts of swift moving pleasure;
The crowds on the pave, some in haste
And some richer in leisure than purpose
And staring with insolence at their betters
Or idly in at the rich display in shop windows;
The little group of Salvation Army heroes;
Your markets, unresting, where consumer hunts
Like a Daniel Boone of the new time;
Your railroads, that bear from afar
The wheat and rich fruits to fill you,
And rough ores and lumber and leather
To glut greedy maws of machinery
Finishing wares to go back through the land,
Spreading the proclamation that goods
Made in Newark
Are best—
Your homes multitudinous,
Prosperous, happy,
Or clouded with pains of the body
Or shadows of sin in the soul—
Your turrets that gleam in the sun blaze,
Your offices, schoolrooms and bookrooms,
Hospital wards and museums,

Here is the stuff of your life!

Here are the sources deep hidden
Whence rills of influence issue

To merge with the current, broad bosomed and laden
with argosies—
Not of commodity commerce only or mainly,
But deep draughted, hull full of *Newark,*
Weighted and freighted till Phimsoll marks vanish,
Immersed in life's waters yet onwardly moving—
The stream of the Spirit of Newark,
Proclaiming her kin to the common,
Yet making her *Newark,* none other!

I say to you, seeing this vision,
That he who shall take up your challenge,
Having the soul of the poet—
He who shall see you just as you are
And clothe you splendidly in words,
Shall be filled with the breathing of music
And vibrantly utter
The soul that is in thee,
In *Newark!*

And ye have done well to hang harps in the wind.

OTHER NEWARK ANNIVERSARY POEMS

GRAVE AND GAY

A SONG OF CITIES

BABYLON and Nineveh
Ephesus and Tyre,—
These were names to thrill us once,
Seeing, as we read,
Wall and gate and citadel,
Golden dome and spire,—
All the glory that youth sees
O'er the dust and dead.

Cities of the lordly names:
Sybaris, Damascus;
Doubtless, too, their little lads
Dreaming as we dreamed,
Visioned older cities still,
Far as ever theirs from us,
Cities that their Grandsires built
With words that glowed and gleamed.

Babylon and Nineveh,
Troy Town and Rome,
Little did we think one day,
Until we wandered far,
How dearer and more dreamed of

A SONG OF CITIES

The city of our home,—
The commonplace, gray city
Where yet our treasures are.

Bagdad and Carthage
Sybaris, Damascus,
Babylon and Nineveh,
Troy Town and Rome:
You may hold my fancy still,
Great names and glorious;
But O, my commonplace, gray town,
'Tis here my heart comes home.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

NEWARK'S MORNING SONG

AT morn she rises early, as a busy city should
That spends the hours of daylight in the game of "Making Good."
Across the misty meadows she watches for the sun,
For worlds of work are waiting, and there's wonders to be done.
She takes a bit of breakfast, she dons her gingham frock,
Then sits before her keyboard, with her eyes upon the clock;
And when the hands point seven, then loud and joyfully
She plays her morning anthem on her steam calliope.

From Belleville down to Waverly, from Bloomfield to the Bay,
She fills the morn with music as her chimes and sirens play.
The piping trebles start the song, the tenors catch her air,
The altos add their mellow notes, the brassy bassos blare;
Their thousand voices blend at last in one great living chord

NEWARK'S MORNING SONG

Of toil and usefulness and peace—a sound to please
the Lord!
Listen, O music lovers; was ever heard, think ye,
A nobler tune than Newark's on her steam calliope?

Now dawns a mighty era in the tale of her career,
Now golden comes the sunrise of a new and glorious
year;
And, just as in the old days, her morning sirens call,
"Up! Rouse you up, my children! There is happi-
ness for all!"
Yes, at this New Year's advent her whistles fill the
morn
As sound of heralds' trumpets when a new world-
king is born;
And the magic of her music shall set the thousands
free
Who follow to the calling of her steam calliope!

—*L. H. Robbins.*

A VISION OF 1916

THE bells rang music, but the blare
Of trumpets made Four Corners sound
Like some weird throng. Such clamor there
The silent Training Place I found.

Vague shadows hung about the shrine
Long named Old Trinity. Among
The trees where bending paths entwine,
An antique figure moved along.

A Founder looked he, but he said:
"Call me the Spirit of the Town,
Among the living, not the dead,
Walk I unceasing up and down."

"Good Spirit," said I, "what bright cheer
To our fair city do you bring?
Spin us the vision of the seer,
Just at the New Year's opening."

An ember kindled in his glance,
That soon shot forth prophetic fire;
And then, with fervid utterance,
Predictive spoke the ghostly sire:

A VISION OF 1916

"The manes and the stars foretell
A greater Newark, till her fame
Resplendent cast a wondrous spell
On land or sea, where sounds her name!"

Amazed heard I the gracious seer,
Too good the augur seemed for true;
But when I plead again to hear
He turned, and waved his hand adieu.

The bells still carolled, and the gleam
Of lights electric kissed the snow—
"Perhaps," mused I, "a hollow dream,
If not, let Newark prove it so."

—*Joseph Fulford Folsom.*

MONEY AND THE MUSE

The *Newarker* for December sure is a publication de looks and damgood looks, too!

However, I disagree. What I had intended saying was that I have just read the announcement of cash prize premiums for poetry and the divine afflatus is moved to the following outpouring of protest. Listen:

SAY, Committee of One Hundred,
Don't you think that you have blundered
In offering a prize
Of money—earthy treasure—
For an inspirational measure
Lifting Newark to the skies?
Will a cash consideration
Inspire the high elation
Of Parnassian poetry?
Will the food and drink of Mammon
Be anything but famine
To a poet's ecstasy?
Say, Committee of One Hundred,
Notwithstanding you have blundered
And deserve the Muse's rod,

I may say to you with feeling,
Deep, earnest and appealing,
I'd love to cop a portion of your wad!!

There, sir, that is poetry pure and undefiled and if you wish to print it in *The Newarker* as a warning, or even a hint, to other poets to get out of the way, and give us a chance, you may do so. It is really a prize winner poem, but I am giving it to you freely for the good of the cause!!!

With my best wishes,
W. J. Lampton.

TO NEWARK!

HAIL, Newark! Hail!
Two hundred years plus fifty
Is to you but growing time!
And you have grown!!!
How you have grown
Is wonderfully shown
In what you are to-day,
Not counting what you may
Become if but a mite
Of all your promised greatness
Is fulfilled
As it is billed
To do
For you!
Hail, Newark! Hail!

New Jersey's biggest and her best,
Her fairest and her liveliest,
Like wine and women,
You improve with age,
And all the ways and means
Of velvet and of jeans,
Of brain and brawn engage

TO NEWARK!

To make you greater still,
Until,
Beyond the pale
Of earthly progress,
On the spirit gale
Is borne the glory cheer:
Hail, Newark! Hail!!!!

W. J. Lampton.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

An Elegy

HAIL, Lincoln, to thy spirit, upon this day,
Which saw thy birth, and saw in thee a child
Born for a mission beautiful, and laid,
Like the babe Jesus, wrapt in lowliness,
Upon the threshold of a shining year!

Who but his mother round that little head
Glimpsed the pale dawn of glory? Who but she
Dreamed of a wondrous halo which he wore
And trembling bowed and worshipped? Who but she
Guessed all around him angels, robed with awe,
And heard a whisper of seraphs? Ah, she knew!
Knew as a mother knows, without surprise,
Her son was born for saving of the sad!
What though on him shone no discovering star,
Were not her eyes, her mother-beaming eyes,
Yet fairer than the fairest orb in heaven?
What though to him no pomp of pilgrim kings,
Adoring, doffed the tribute of their crowns,
Was not her homage precious as their gold?
Thus with the dying swan's wild music, thrilled

With love's prophetic rapture, she foresaw
Him garmented with greatness, saw afar
The future kneel before him. Then a mist
Blotted the sun and blight fell on her dream,
And she stood weeping in a lonely land.

Bred in a low place, lord of little deeds,
He learned to rule his spirit, and he grew
Like the young oak with yearning for the sky.
Yet on his face was sadness, as if grief
Had chilled his singing childhood, ah, too soon,
Or love with her heart-summer came too late!
So with the world he wrestled for his life
And labored long in silence, his gaunt frame
Knotted with secret agonies; and so
Struggled through darkness upward till he stood,
Rugged and resolute, a man of men!

The South was in his blood and kept it warm,
And on his soul the winds of all the North
Beat like a storm of eagles at a crag
And left him granite. Then to his chaste heart
The virgin West sang with a siren's voice
And to her arms allured him, and he gave
His deepest love and all his loyal strength.
Thus with austere devotion he foreswore
Plenty and pleasure, hewing through the wilds
Brightening highways, founding the young state
Upon that rock, the liberty of law.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He was a man, amid the throng of men,—
A simple man! And though in him was seen
A giant wrestler, strong and grapple-armed,
Mighty in struggle, dauntless, one that loomed
Invincible in battles of debate,—
Yet all who knew him loved him, for he hid
The hero with a smile, and seemed instead
Only a king of kindness, showing thus
Unto the proud the majesty of man,
How more than king to be a common man!
His life was one humility, and though
The heights were his, he lingered in the vales,
Yoked to a lowly service many years.
Then came the call, the loud fierce upward call,
And while the cloudy battle closed around,
While Blue and Gray commingled in a mist
Of glory,—then from his dare-kindled eyes
The eagle stared, unquailing, and his look
Like the resistless lightning flashed and flamed;
Yea, from his heart as from a scabbard leaped
The hero like a sword, and with one stroke
Freed the last slave, and all the sleeping world
Woke, and with one great voice of wonder cried,
"This is a Man!"

He knew what kindest word
Would quicken hope and hearten the faint cause;
Homespun his parables from life's rich loom,
Were logical as Nature, and he made

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

His gentle wisdom wiser with a jest,
While humor like the laughing of the dawn
Gleamed through the cloud that troubled his far eyes.
Some called him homely who forgot to shine,
Who, stooped by a vast burden, yet became
Unto the homeless heart an open home.
And as he walked through dreary human ways
The sad, the poor, the lonely and the lost
Followed his form with long-pursuing love,
And all that saw him marveled, for they felt
That some dear Christ had sweetened all the air.

Then in that towering moment when he cried,
"There are no boundaries," and as he bade
Division cease and battle be no more,
When all the happy, now the nation saved,
Bugled of triumph, as he breathed his calm
"Let there be peace," and peace was over all,—
Even then he fell and left us desolate!

But still he lives, for like a banner of gold
His conquering name goes marching on to God;
Who though he set in darkness rose again,
Yea, like the rising universal sun
Summed in one flame the dark-divided stars,—
So on this day, above him, where he sleeps,
Over his grave, united, with one grief,
Lo, North and South clasp their forgetting hands!

—Leonard Charles Van Noppen.

LINCOLN STILL LIVES

At almost any hour of the day children may be seen at play on Borglum's statue of Lincoln in front of the Court House at Newark.

THIS mask of bronze cannot conceal his heart;
The lips once eloquent here speak again;
The kindly eyes, where tears were wont to start,
Look out once more upon the haunts of men.

His image fits no dim cathedral aisle,
Nor leafy shade, nor pedestal upraised,
But here, where playful children rest a while
Upon his knees, whom all the nations praised.

Great in his strength, yet winsome as a child,
Quick to his touch the childlike heart responds,
As when his mighty hands, all undefiled,
From dark-hued childhood's limbs struck off the bonds.

O Death, unerring as your arrows be,
High as the hills your hecatombs of slain,
Against this Child of Immortality,
O shame-faced Death, you speed your shaft in vain.

—*Charles Mumford.*

A PRAYER

GOD of a Thousand Christmas Gifts,
For any hatred we have thought
And any evil we have taught
Or any misery we have wrought,
Forgive us, now.

God of a Thousand Christmas Trees,
If, thro' the year, the wrong held sway,
And better deeds were cast away,
We pray Thee, on thy Holy Day,
Forgive us, now.

God of a Thousand Holidays,
We humbly ask that we be sent
A spirit true to good intent,
So Gifts and Goodness may be blent . . .
God of the Yule Tide, reign.

—*Henry Lang Jenkinson.*

A CITY ON A HILL

NEWARK! to-day begins thy lamp to shine
With power high to flash the distant peaks
With messages of hope. Thy gladness speaks,
And lo! a nation's soul is knit with thine:

A city on a hill thou art, a shrine
Of homing pilgrims, who afar the streaks
Of thy new dawn behold—a dawn that breaks
Prophetic of a day without decline:

Ah! may that gleam forever love reveal,
That in the common heart lives warm and pure,
And spends itself for all humanity;
And may the dawning of a nobler weal
Of spirit beauty, and of goodness, lure
Our souls to light and civic sanity.

—Joseph Fulford Folsom.

FROM THE SLOPE OF THE ORANGE MOUNTAINS

PALE pillars in the distance, the spires of Gotham tower,
The minarets of riches, the monument of power,
Rimmed by the darkling river, where, nestled to the wall,
To-day's brave golden galleons await the seaward call.

Below, in nearer prospect, the bulk of Newark lies,
A pulsing heart of commerce bared broadly to the skies,
Low hang the clinging smoke-clouds, the toiling city's crown,
Above the fires of Progress no tide of fate can drown.

A giant of a city with all a giant's soul
Roused into finite striving with grandeur as its goal—
Before this wondrous vista I linger here enthralled,
I must, for, see my motor—the artist drew it stalled.

—*Steuart M. Emery.*

A SPRING SONG

IS it wrong for the thrush to sing?
Can the crocus keep back its bloom?
And shall not a soul that feels the Spring
Break forth from its house of gloom?

O passionate heart, be strong!
Thou wert made, like the birds and the flowers,
For music and fragrance the whole day long
In the April light and showers.

To every one it is given
To love, and to hope, and to do;
There's never a power on earth or in Heaven
Can throttle a soul that is true.

—Lyman Whitney Allen.

REMINISCENCE

ONE morning at three o'clock
I stood on the corner of Broad and Market, Newark.
I had come from New York; I was going to my home in Glen Ridge.
I stood and waited for the Bloomfield Avenue car. The night
Was cool and pleasant, and I enjoyed the sight of the boys
Selling the morning papers; although I now confess
To the thought that I had about those boys. I thought
That they ought to be in
Bed. Every boy ought to be in bed at that hour. Yet
Here in America, we countenance such things. We
Have a lot to learn, here in America. At that moment
I viewed Newark in the light of a rising day. It seemed
To me that a vision of the future projected itself across the
Sky. There was so much life going on even then—the full
Abounding American life that we see in our cities, with all their

REMINISCENCE

Suffering and crime and injustice and marvelous energy.
My friend, has the thought ever come to you at night,
In some large city, as you looked up at the stars
And viewed the majesty of God, that
That same majesty is forever visioned in the faces of the common
Crowd? Think then of the radiance of honesty, of perseverance,
Of dumb waiting for better things, of the glory of self-denial, of the
Sharing-spirit. Think of that, brother, and incline thine
Head humbly to the majesty of the Eternal
Law. The car came, and I stood up all the way home, but
I was glad that I had seen Newark on that night. It gave me a belief in its
Destiny, an abiding faith in its promise to fulfil
Its mission. I say this, knowing the grief in
Homes, the patience and resignation under the ban
Of toiling humanity. For out of the
Light of the coming day there is a something,
A Something that tells me that, as Browning says,
God is in his Heaven and all's right with the world,
And Newark.

—*Thomas L. Masson.*

Mr. Masson is an editor on *Life*. He is the author of much humorous verse and many essays. He lives in New Jersey and loves Newark.

ATTENTION, PLEASE: HERE'S COL. BILL LAMPTON AGAIN

FOUND—Our friend and assistant poet, Col. Bill Lampton, in church, asleep at sermon time, dreaming of the Greater Newark that is to follow our Celebration.

We ran a lost ad in the March *Newarker* and, lo! there was Bill in the next mail, cussing like the man in Kansas who couldn't sleep until he had gone out and called the pump the choicest names in the Kaiser's calendar. Cussing us, the Colonel mused:

> You gentle gorgonzola cub,
> You melancholy tramp!
> S'pose Col'nel Bill should grab a club
> And blink your bloomin' lamp!

You can plainly see what we would never see if Bill had reached our May-grey optics with his Kentucky club. These Southern gentlemen have a temper preserved in alcohell. They light their cigars with it in the wind. They are, withal, very polite; the madder the politer, like our friend and preceptor in Maryland, who wrote to his raging creditor:

Suh:

As my stenographer is a lady and I am a gentleman, I cannot dictate the precise form of my contempt for youh. But, suh, as you are neither, youh will understand! —MAJOR BUNEVITABLE BIFF.

However, Col. Bill's apology is accepted. His alibi will be duly considered when he visits Newark to smile upon the legends on the pylons. That sounds like medicine, but it isn't. It's just legends on the pylons—as before.

We had to write the foregoing to prepare our readers for the terrible stuff Bill wrote to the plumbing editor of *The Newarker*. Here it is, addressed to "You Bald-headed Momus of the Meadows." Isn't this a nice Kentucky way of calling us a Farmer!

"To the Editor of The Newarker:

SIR: In the March issue of your obscure sheet I find the following at the bottom of the column:

> LOST—Our friend and assistant Poet, Col. Bill Lampton, with tawny rubberset whiskers, last seen coming out of a suit of clothes, when we spent the evening (and $9) with him at a Manhattan prayer meeting. Finder please telephone *The Newarker*. All other papers please copy.

And while I take peculiar pleasure in stigmatizing most of it as a scurrilous slander and a libelous lambast, especially the $9, part which was borrowed from me on thus-far unkept promises, I will admit that I am lost:

Lost in contemplation
Of the wonderful display
Of everything progressive
By the Newark of to-day
Contrasted with the Newark
Which its founder, Robert Treat,
Considered such a starter
As never could be beat.

Lost in admiration
Of the Newarkistic way
Of catching on to progress
And of spreading a display
At its coming Celebration
As will make its rivals rave
And the late lamented Robert
To turn over in his grave."

—W. J. Lampton.

SONNETS

The Guests of Shakespeare

LET Adoration, stilled with ecstasy,
Now rest in reverence a little while:
Mirrored within that nature versatile,
Let Beauty see herself as others see;
Let the whole world to Wonder bend the knee,
And Sorrow pause the moment of a smile;
Let Guilt be innocent of its own guile
And Time be felt a brief eternity.

Then with the Master let us feast: the Table
Is set with tempting Visions; imps and elves
Shall be our servitors, and Fact and Fable
Shall sing a sprightly duet. And thereafter
Shall Humor, guised as Falstaff, by wise laughter
Make all the guests acquainted with themselves.

To-Morrow

To-morrow, ah to-morrow! What shalt thou,
Veiled daughter of thy Mother called "To-day,"
Bring in thy hands of fortune or dismay?
Shalt thou come with the laurel on thy brow

Or with a crown of thorns? Shalt thou endow
Eternity with some heroic lay
Or like a stern avenger come to slay?
Unveil thy face. For thou art poising now

In thy sure hand a dart that shall send death
To thousands in the instant of a breath;
Or a great Day thou grandly dost prepare
Where patience shall behold the fruit of prayer.
Song shall be heard or seen return of sorrow:
So moves the world in silence towards To-morrow.

Cathay

I'll join a caravan to far Cathay
And ride upon a camel to the moon.
There I shall tilt with emperors and soon
Untriumph them of trophies which I'll lay
Before the Queen of Jewels. I shall slay
Mythical dragons there or with a rune
Of wild enchantment leave them in a swoon,
Bearing their treasures, jade and pearls, away.

And I shall lead, to plunder in high wars,
Armies of images, and steal the stars.
The Pleiades shall be my Golden Fleece;
Orion be my belt; and for a crown
I'll wear the sun; and palaced in white peace,
I'll reign with Beauty in serene renown.

SONNETS

The Saraband

The clink of castanets, the cadence wild
Of rhythmic feet and swayings in the moon
Of whirling figures gliding into swoon,
Susurras languorous, where sorrows mild
Sob on the breast of silence like a child;
Then with fierce tones, barbaric, from that croon
Leaps into revelry, a crimson tune,
Trailing a troop of voices, that, beguiled
By beauty into music, countermand
The measure to a stately saraband
Of Moorish girls that move with graceful motion
Like swans that swim upon a mimic ocean:
Superb of form and lithe of limb, they bound,
Queening the revel to the cymbal's sound.

—*Leonard Charles Van Noppen.*

FATHER NEWARK

SWART with the grime of his crafts are the hands of him,
Corded his muscles with energy stark;
Stately the buildings and spacious the lands of him:
Hall, fane and factory; meadow and park.
Lofty his brow with the pride of his history,
Kindled his eye with the light of his skill;
Genius inventive that solves every mystery;
Courage that wins by invincible will.

Centuries two and a half has his story been—
Years crowned with triumphs of labor and lore;
Burning undimmed has the lamp of his glory been;
Open to all men his neighborly door.
Now he is bidding us all to rejoice with him—
Sons of your sire, bound by filial vow,
Each of you loyally lift up your voice with him;
Join in the slogan of *Newark Knows How!*

—William L. R. Wurts.

COL. BILL LAMPTON'S LAMP STILL GLOWS

JUST when we think Col. Bill Lampton has been tucked away to sleep, he falls out of bed, makes a noise like the Epithetical Committee, and wakes everybody up—to laugh.

"I can dream of a Greater Newark,
And dream with a saving grace
Which never seems
To come to dreams
Of another time and place,
Because when I dream of a Newark
Made greater by what you do
In leading on
To the glory dawn,
I know that my dream will come true.

There, you diaphanous distributor of discomanotions, stick that on your pylons—do pylons grow wild in New Jersey?—and give your readers a chance to judge between a Poet and a mere editor."

—W. J. Lampton.

THE ALL-SUMMER CELEBRATION

NOW every day in Newark
Is a whooptedooden day.
And every soul in Newark
Seems to rather like that way,
For it keeps the circulation
Circulating, and the blood,
Mixing with the clay of humans,
Makes a living, lusty mud,
Which is bound to be so fertile
That for years and years to come
The growth of coming Newark
Puts all rivals on the bum,
And the Newark of the future
Is going to be so great
That New Jersey of the future
Will be changed to Newark State.

—*W. J. Lampton.*

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASQUE

THE lights are out; the rainbow pictures fade;
Their magic beauty and their color-flow
And rhythmic grace no eye again shall know;
'Tis ended now, the lovely masquerade,
And those who, wondering, looked, and those who played,
Back to the busy commonplace they go,
To toiling life that moves so dull and slow;
And silent darkness cloaks the parkland glade.

The rainbow pictures fade; but still there gleams
The rainbow hope to hold us to our dreams;
And lowly toil grows beautiful and bright
As hearts urge forward to the coming light;
And men in lifelong memory will see
The vision of the city that shall be.

—*L. H. Robbins.*

REWARDS

SEE, here am I—in hell at last.
Experience through me hurtled fast.
On earth I worked—while shirkers croaked.
There I was roasted—here I'm smoked.

"Cheer up!" Sly Sycophantis cried;
"I stabbed you too—before you died!"

THE FALLEN PAGEANT STAR

Time: 1 A. M.
Temperature: Just Freezing.
Wind Velocity: Rooseveltian.

OH, if 'twould only thaw upon this stage,
And cold raw winds would even once abate
Upon our Pageant shanks and unprotected skins—
Then would our love remain—unturned to rage
At May's mad blasts—while Poet Tom, unagitate,
Gently megaphones at our dramatic sins
And begs us never mind the Arctic gusts
That pneumonize our necessary busts!

Never again shall our ambitious rôles include
The part of Herald to this gay old Town,
Until fair Newark's thirty-first of May
Shall be so balmy as to singe the nude
In art—from sombre Puritan to clown—
Or tog us up in buskins lined with hay.
And yet, that Civic Germ we would sustain—
May lure us out—to do our worst again.

—THE EDITOR.

Night of May 3, 1916.

MATT'S JOLLY PAGEANT CAR

OUR red official pageant car was something very spry,
It had twelve years' experience, its spirit wouldn't die.
It wheezed in front and sneezed behind and snorted ninety ways,
In playing its peculiar parts in Newark's pageant days.

Each day it hauled us to the Park it got us in a fight,
In fact, we agitated somewhat every bloomin' night.
It hurtled o'er the populace and dodged around the cops,
Then nimbly ran upon the hoofs of several hundred wops.

Matt Stratt, its jolly chauffeur man, sat at the wheel and spat
Into the ambient atmosphere or on a passing cat;
And just to show that he was Matt, right here and there and hence
He swatted at the Park Police and charged clean through a fence.

One night the car had asthma and a kind of chest disease;
Its soul had gone to thunder in an apoplectic sneeze;

And Matt while diagnosing what was meant by its new whine,
Declared that our old pageant car had curvachewing spine.

But somehow it stayed on the job, much more than some had done
Who now claim pageant honors which our workers really won;
Nor was it pessimistic, pussyfooting through the town,
While howling down the Pageant with a caterwauling frown.

Lor' bless that battered pageant car and keep it on the go.
Please doll it up in brand new paint and fix it up below.
Don't let the scrap heap get it—we've affection in our heart!
For Stratton's cheerful spavined car that nobly did its part.

—The Editor.

"DIVIDENT HILL"

PAUSE here, O Muse! that Fancy's eye
May trace the footprints still,
Of men that, centuries gone by,
With prayer ordained this hill;
As lifts the misty veil of years,
Such visions here arise
As when the glorious past appears
Before enchanted eyes.

I see, from midst the faithful few
Whose deeds yet live sublime—
Whose guileless spirits, brave as true,
Are models "for all time,"
A group upon this height convened—
In solemn prayer they stand—
Men, on whose sturdy wisdom leaned
The settlers of the land.

In mutual love the line they trace
That will their homes divide,
And ever mark the chosen place
That prayer hath sanctified;

"DIVIDENT HILL"

And here it stands—a temple old,
  Which crumbling Time still braves;
Through ages have their cycles rolled
  Above those patriots' graves.

As Christ transfigured on the height
  The three beheld with awe,
And near his radiant form, in white,
  The ancient prophets saw;
So, on this summit I behold
  With beatific sight,
Once more our praying sires of old,
  As spirits clothed in light.

A halo crowns the sacred hill,
  And thence glad voices raise
A song that doth the concave fill—
  Their prayers are turned to praise!
Art may not for these saints of old
  The marble urn invent;
Yet here the Future shall behold
  Their Heaven-built monument.

—Mrs. E. C. Kinney.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD

HERE'S the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By the church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall.—
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment: You've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What? No! Come, that's bad. Why he had
All the Jerseys aflame. And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!
He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their way

At the "Farms" where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot! Enough! There she lay
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away!
Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of militant plow-boys! See the smoke and the heat
Of the reckless advance—of that struggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
And what could you—what should you, what would you do?
Why just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em, boys; give 'em Watts."
And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago;
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball,
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

—Bret Harte.

NEWARK'S ACROSTIC

1666

Naiad and nymph in the forest are roaming;
Everglades echo their unearthly tread;
Weird are their songs and their forms in the gloaming;
Answering voices or shades of the dead.
Rudely the Indian 'neath wigwam and bower
Kneels in submission to Ignorance-power.

1916

Newark is now in the vigor of manhood.
Eye of a Mentor, and brain of a State;
Wielding a sceptre that banishes clanhood,
And makes us all kith, and akin to the great.
Rugged the heights from whose summits this hour
Ken we the vision that Knowledge is power.

—Wm. J. Marshall.

THE NEWARK CELEBRATION

NO man can know
The greatness of the Show—
That is to say,
No man to-day
Can know
The greatness of the Show,
But in the future all the land
Will fully know and understand
What Newark, in this year of grace,
Has done to give herself a place
Among the leaders who express
By deeds the meaning of success
Along all lines of brawn and brain
Which count for best in best of gain!
What has been done these Summer days
Has moved the spirit that will raise
Conditions, which exist to-day,
Above themselves, and on the way
To that rich prize which energy
Confers in perpetuity.
No man can know
The greatness of the Show
Until the future brings

THE NEWARK CELEBRATION

The harvest of those things
Which count for greatness,
Make the sum
And substance of the good to come.
That much is known,
That much is shown,
And on this victory won,
The universal verdict is:
WELL DONE! ! !

—*W. J. Lampton.*

THE BARD'S COMPLAINT

I DREAMED a dream the other night
That left all others "out of sight;"
Around the Kinney building surged
A mob of wild-eyed men, who verged
On panic, if a panic grow
From masses struggling to and fro.

The mob was decorous if wild,
As cultured gentlemen, beguiled
By visions of good things, though faint,
Would keep their hunger in restraint,
Although, when appetites are keen,
And limbs are shrunk, and ribs are lean,
A well-filled board, in time of need,
Will tempt an anchorite to feed.

These men, who thus besieged the Kinney,
(All far from fat, and mostly skinny),
Though eager as a hound in leash,
Were strangely reticent of speech.
With well-groomed men they would not pass
For fashion-plates, for they, alas!
Were chiefly garbed in sombre black,

Of cut and style a decade back;
Their "pants" (those of a later pattern)
Shone like the sun (the parts they sat on),
While rusty coats and hats betrayed
The pinching of the wearers' trade.

One thing I'll say, and oft repeat,
These men, in dress so incomplete,
For classic nobs could not be beat
Within a league of Market Street.
Though seedy most, yet here and there
Was one who looked quite debonair;
"O-ho!" I cried to one of these,
Who sauntered 'round, quite at his ease;
"Pray tell me," (for my sense grew hazy)
"Have all these gentlemen gone crazy?"
"O, no," he said: "Each one's a poet;
"(Though all their verses do not show it.)
"They're here because a dozen prizes
"In brand-new bills of different sizes,
"—One thousand plunks in all, I hear,
"Though it *does* sound a little queer—
"Are offered to the poets who
"Can put in odes the best review
"Of Newark's glorious career
"For this, her Anniversary year.
"There'll be a ton of rhymes, at least,
"For gods and men a bounteous feast."

"One thousand—what!" I shouted: "Whew!
"You're guying me; it can't be true!
"How can some humble poets hope
"To get away with so much dope?"

He said (and confidential grew):
"It is the truth I'm telling you;
"But bards are few of either sex
"Who ever see a double X.
"Do'st know why poets fare so ill,
"While plodding tradesmen get their fill?"

I answered: "No; tell me." He said:
" 'Tis *competition with the dead.*
"The heroes of the shop and plow
"Have only rivals living now
"To test their wits, while every man
"Who wrote in verse since time began,
"Is just as much alive to-day
"As when he turned his toes up (say)
"Some forty centuries away!
"You surely know it is not so, sir,
"With your shoemaker and your grocer!
"Had Homer dealt in ducks and geese,
"His fame long since had found surcease.
"Could eggs of Virgil's day compete
"With fresh-laid eggs on Commerce Street?
"Yet fresh-laid poets of to-day
"Find ancient bards blockade their way!"

Just then the crowd thinned out; a few
Received their checks; the rest withdrew
To brush their threadbare coats anew.

A sunbeam through my window broke
And touched my eyes, and I awoke.

—*Charles Mumford.*

ROBERT TREAT

THEY'VE Robert Treat dramatics
And a Robert Treat cigar,
Our beer—the pride 'o Newark's sons
Is "Treated" near and far;
They tack his name to fads and frills,
To hats and brands of shoes,
And Robert Treat's the slogan
On some groceries we use.
We've got a Robert Treat hotel,
Our pride to-day, you bet,
His name's upon a Newark school
And soon a cigarette.
And e'en the highest hope of every
Newarker we meet,
Is to name his "nineteen sixteen boy"
A Junior Robert Treat.
Thus, should the shade of dear old Bob
Appear to us to-day,
What shock must greet his eyes to see
His name in such display.
The Hallelujah Chorus
May not chant his name aloud,
But still we'll bet Bob Treat is famed
Up where the angels crowd.

—Allen F. Brewer.

BROAD STREET

(1666–1916)

WHEN lilacs bloom in urban bowers,
Sweet harbingers of summer hours,
And cherry-blossoms lightly fall
Like snowflakes by the garden wall;
When robins hide in apple-trees,
And pansies nod in every breeze,
And like cathedrals, tall and grand,
Our hoary elms majestic stand,
While underneath the current flows
Of human joys and human woes,
Then seems the street a mighty stream
On which we mortals drift and dream.
Here toiled the Fathers in the fields,
Where earth her truest treasure yields,
And here the Sons, with reverent eyes,
Behold a royal harvest rise.
Yet ever, 'neath the starry cope,
The radiant barges Love and Hope
Move side by side with Grief and Care,
And all the flotsam of Despair.
In vain the pilots seek to force

Their way against the current's course,
And where they're bound, or whence they came,
Nor sage, nor bard can ever name.
And none of all the fleets that glide
Along the weird and heaving tide
Turn back their prows or ever teach
What Port the later Pilgrims reach.

—*Augustus Watters.*

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

CONDITIONS OF THE NEWARK POETRY COMPETITION

The Committee of One Hundred offers a series of prizes, aggregating $1,000, for poems on Newark and its 250th Anniversary and plans to publish the best of the poems submitted in a volume to be entitled, "Newark's Anniversary Poems."

In this competition all the poets of our country are invited to participate.

The prize poem on Newark and its Anniversary may touch on any or all of such topics as, the City's historic aspects, its rapid industrial development, its civic and educational features, the chief purpose of its celebration,—which is, to develop a wider and deeper public spirit.

Newark is not all industries, smoke, rush and din. It is a great centre of production and in its special field of work is alert and progressive. But it has also beautiful homes, fine parks, admirable schools, a useful library. Its thousands of shade trees are the envy of many cities. The cleanliness of its highways surprises even the Newarker himself. It has a good govern-

ment, churches in plenty and many worthy clubs and societies. Art and science, even, are not altogether neglected here. Newark is an old town, solid and conservative and tenacious of certain old-time peculiarities. Newark, with 400,000 people, the largest city in New Jersey, though known to all the world as a producer of honest goods, is still to that same world quite unknown as to its own special quality among American cities. Will the poet, the man of insight and of prophecy, kindly come forth and discover her to the world and to herself?

There are many interesting phases in Newark's life and in its celebration. All are within the field of the inspiration of the poet we are seeking. To make our volume interesting, its verses should touch on a wide range of subjects. The wits as well as the philosophers have their opportunity here. We think our city already quite worthy! Now we seek a poet who shall make us famous! If with him comes one who makes us ludicrous—and he does it well—to him also we can award a prize!

Conditions of Poem Competition

The poets of our country are invited to submit poems on Newark in competition for thirteen prizes in gold.

First Prize—two hundred and fifty dollars.

Second Prize—one hundred and fifty dollars.

Third Prize—one hundred dollars.

Ten prizes of fifty dollars each.

The Historical and Literary and the Publicity Committees of the Committee of One Hundred have charge of this competition, and have established therefor the following rules:

Poems submitted for the competition must not contain more than one thousand words.

They must be typewritten on one side only of sheets of paper of letter size, about 8 by 11 inches.

They must reach the office of the Committee on or before June 1, 1916.

They must be enclosed in sealed envelopes bearing only the name and address of this Committee.

They must not bear the names of their respective authors.

Each must bear a fictitious name or a distinctive mark.

This fictitious name or distinctive mark must be placed also on the outside of a second envelope.

Within this second envelope must be a sheet of paper bearing the author's name and address, and this second envelope must be sealed and enclosed with the poem, in the envelope, addressed to the Committee.

A competitor may submit two or more poems, but only one prize will be awarded to any author.

The poems will be judged and the prizes awarded by a committee of seven named by this Committee, and the envelopes containing the names of the authors will not be opened until the prizes have been awarded.

The specific subject, the meter and the style of the

poems are left entirely to the judgment of their authors. They may be historical, biographical, philosophical or topical in subject matter; they may be serious, humorous or satiric in manner; they may be epic, lyric, or narrative in form. On all these matters are placed no restrictions whatever, and this Committee and the Judges are agreed that the prizes should be awarded with reference primarily to sheer poetic quality. Good poetry, as that phrase is to-day usually understood by persons of experience in such matters, is what is sought by this Committee, and this the Judges hope to discover among the contributions submitted, and to this, in so far as it is found, the prizes will be awarded.

The Committee shall have the right to publish from time to time any of the poems submitted, and it shall be the owner of the poems for which prizes have been awarded, together with those which it may have included in its volume entitled "Newark's Anniversary Poems."

The following have accepted the Committees invitation to serve as judges in this competition:

From Newark: Hon. Frederic Adams, Judge of the Circuit Court, State of New Jersey; Hon. Thos. L. Raymond, Counsellor-at-Law, and Mayor of Newark; Miss Margaret Coult, Head of English Department, Barringer High School; William S. Hunt, Associate Editor, *Newark Sunday Call.*

At large: Prof. John C. Van Dyke, Professor History of Art, Rutgers College; Lecturer Columbia,

Harvard, Princeton; Author; Editor: "College Histories of Art"; "History of American Art";—New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Thomas L. Masson, (Tom Masson), Literary Editor *Life;* Author; Editor "Humorous Masterpieces of American Literature."

Theodosia Garrison, Author: "The Joy of Life and other Poems"; "Earth Cry and other Poems"; Contributor to Magazines.

The prize poems, with a selection from those submitted but not receiving prizes, will probably be published about May 1, 1917, in a volume to be called "Newark's Anniversary Poems."

Address all communications to the Editor of *The Newarker,* Committee of One Hundred, Newark, New Jersey.

APPENDIX II

SUGGESTIONS TO POETS, IF THEY WISH TO SING OF NEWARK

Newark is not well known. Many thousand travelers have gained quite an erroneous view of its character. They pass through it on a train and appraise it by the view they get from a car window as they pass.

Newark is old, for an American city,—250 years. This is not to its credit, for Newark's presence on earth has not hastened or retarded the flight of years! Its age is not the cause of its Celebration, but merely the occasion therefor.

Newark is large, about 400,000 inhabitants. It is not celebrating its size, though its increase of thirty per cent in each of the past six decades suggests that it has had, in that period, either an admirable vigor or certain attractive features, or both. Still, its size is not the cause of its celebration activities, rather the opportunity therefor.

Newark began life as the last project of theocracy in America, and bears the marks of its birth to this day. But it does not celebrate for this reason. One may, on the contrary, almost venture the thought that it cele-

brates now its approaching day of freedom from the bonds of theocracy and of fuller enjoyment of the best fruit of that very same theocracy's wise teachings.

Newark is very industrious, but is not entirely industrial.

Newark is on the edge of vast stretches of sea-touched marshes; but rests for the most part on certain very admirable hills—hills which the hurrying car-window student neither sees nor believes to exist.

But Newark is not celebrating her industry, or her high-set homes, or any other of the excellencies to which in her less modest moments she rather reluctantly confesses.

Newark is celebrating in the hope that her people may thereby be led to take note of themselves, to discover that they form a live and active thing, a Modern American City; that this live creature, their city, has its own potencies and powers, and that it can therewith do excellent things for its own people, and that it ought to do them.

In a word Newark celebrates, not because it is so excellent a city, but in the hope that it may become much more excellent.

Let the poets come, if they kindly will, and prick the tender bubble of our self-esteem, and also, if they kindly will, give us something that will stir us so to conduct our city that our self-esteem may at length come to be only a proper pride in civic things well done.

The above is from the Free Public Library of Newark, which will gladly furnish to all inquirers information about Newark's past, present and future.

APPENDIX III

BIOGRAPHIES OF PRIZE WINNERS

CLEMENT WOOD

was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Educated in the Taylor School and Birmingham High School; A.B., University of Alabama, 1909; LL.B., Yale Law School, 1911. After two years' practice of law, he came to New York, where he has adopted writing as a business, with teaching as a side-line. During this time he has conducted columns in the *Call* and the *Evening Mail* in New York, and has published poems, critical essays, and stories in various periodicals. He has also lectured, and given readings from his own and other works. His first volume of poetry, "Glad of Earth," was published by Laurence J. Gomme (N. Y.) in the autumn of 1916.

ANNA BLAKE MEZQUIDA

was born in San Francisco and was educated there. She is a genuine Mayflower descendant and her ancestors on both sides fought in the American Revolution. As a child she was fond of composing verses, stories

and little plays and was a contributor and editor of various school publications. When barely sixteen years of age her first poem was published, winning the first prize in a local poetry contest. Other minor poetry prizes followed. Owing to ill-health she was unable to continue in literary work until 1915. In that year her poem, "The Wondrous Exposition," was selected as the Exposition Song from among over two thousand contestants in a competition conducted by the San Francisco *Call Post*. During 1915–16 the following poems by this author were published: "My Sweetheart," in *Romance;* "Drums" and "The Flower on the Sill," in the *All Story Weekly;* "The Two Spirits," "The Red Hell," "Christ My Guide," and "A Sonnet," in the *Pacific;* and "The Meaning of Love" in *Munsey's Magazine*. An article, "The Door of Yesterday," was published in the *Overland Monthly* and a short story, "The Tiptoe House," in the *Sunset Magazine*. She still contributes to various magazines.

ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY

was born in Chazy, New York, 1888. Five years later his family removed to Worcester, Massachusetts, and there Mr. Trombly was educated. He was graduated from the Worcester State Normal School in 1910. In 1913 he took his A.B. at Harvard, and since then has been instructor of Romance languages in the University of Pennsylvania. At the latter university he received the M.A. degree in 1915. His published works in-

clude: "The Springtime of Love" (Sherman, French & Co., Boston, 1914); "Love's Creed" (Sherman, French & Co., 1915); "Songs of Daddyhood" (Badger, Boston, 1916), and poems and articles contributed to various periodicals.

KATHERINE BAKER

is a daughter of Ex-Representative J. Thompson Baker, of New Jersey, and a graduate of Goucher College. *Collier's, Scribner's, Independent, Life* and other magazines have accepted her stories and verses and the *Atlantic* has published a half-dozen essays, one of which, "Entertaining the Candidate," describing an incident of Woodrow Wilson's first Presidential campaign, the magazine reprinted this summer in a volume called "Atlantic Classics."

SIMON BARR

was born in London in 1892 and educated in private schools and East Ham Technical College. He came to the United States in 1907. He studied chemical engineering at Columbia University School of Mines. He was editor of the *Columbia Monthly* 1909–13, editor-in-chief 1913, and class poet 1913. The same year he joined the editorial staff of the *Municipal Journal,* became circulation manager and later assistant editor, which post he now holds. He has contributed to numerous newspapers and magazines. He has been associated with a number of social researches, includ-

ing the subjects of vocational guidance and feeble-mindedness. In 1915–16 he made the third war survey for the Newark *Evening News.*

BERTON BRALEY

was born in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1882. He sold his first verse when about seventeen years old. He won a good many prizes and was editor of the University of Wisconsin *Sphinx* and the *Literary Magazine.* In 1915 he went to Butte, Montana, and became a cub reporter on the *Inter-Mountain,* now the *Evening Post.* He afterwards joined the editorial staff of the *Evening News* of Butte, remaining there for about three years. Came to New York in 1909 and free lanced until he became associate editor of *Puck.* In the vacations during his college career he has done numerous and sundry jobs such as selling books, clerking, passing coal on the Great Lakes, digging ditches, acting as attendant at an insane asylum, guard in a prison, farm hand, ditch digger, miner, and various other "situations round the world." These positions gave him an insight into working conditions and working men's viewpoints that has a good deal to do with the success he has achieved in singing of men who do the world's rough jobs. His published works are: "Sonnets of a Suffragette" (F. G. Browne, Chicago), "Songs of the Workaday World" (Geo. H. Doran), and "Things as They Are" (Geo. H. Doran).

SAYERS COE

was born in Newark, 1891. He graduated from Newark Academy in 1908 and from Princeton in 1912. In that year he was class poet. He is assistant editor of the *Mentor*. Several short poems have appeared in various magazines and newspapers. He has lived in Newark all his life. Some of his ancestors were among Newark's early settlers. His namesake, old Sayers Coe, was one of the leading citizens of the city, following the Revolution. Another ancestor fought in the Revolution.

HANIEL LONG

was born in Rangoon, Burmah, in 1888. He graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1906 and from Harvard in 1910. For a year he was reporter on the New York *Globe* and has since taught at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, where he is now assistant professor in English in the School of Applied Design.

MINNIE REYNOLDS

Her first published writing was in the form of mining news in the Denver papers from a tiny, lost, forgotten, mining hamlet, named Pitkin, hidden two miles above the sea level in the mountains of Colorado. She was teaching school there in a log-cabin schoolhouse. On Saturdays she would get her horse and ride off among the hills to the various mines and prospects

round about. The miners would give her quail and venison dinners and fill her full of wonderful stories about their prospects, which were duly published and paid for by Denver papers. Later she worked on small daily papers in Aspen, Colorado, then for eight years on the *Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, the oldest and largest paper in Colorado. After she came east her work, poems, short fiction and special articles, appeared in almost every newspaper in New York: *Sun, Times, Tribune, Press, Globe, Post,* and others. Also in *Collier's, Independent, World's Work, Delineator, Munsey's, Forum, Everybody's, Ainslie's* and other magazines. Two of her books have been published, "The Crayon Clue," a novel (Mitchell Kennerley, N. Y.), and "How Man Conquered Nature," a study in the evolution of civilization for young people (Macmillan). Two histories by her are to be published by Macmillan this fall: "The Vanishing Frontier" and "The Gold Rush." She helped to get the vote for women in Colorado and was a voter there. She was executive secretary, New Jersey Women's Political Union during three years' suffrage campaign in New Jersey.

Alice Meade Rouse

cannot give us biographical details but writes the following to the editor: "I was born Alice Meade of Virginia and married Shelley Rouse, a Kentucky lawyer; have an interesting *menage* and a peach of a daughter, Shelley—she, but the adaptation of a Mary tem-

perament to a Martha job according to the dictates of an early American conscience has not been conducive to the production of volumes. My writing has been only desultory magazine work. I suspect the shade of a valiant Jerseyman, one Col. Shepard Kollack, of the Revolution, one of the New Jersey Cincinnati and a literary man himself, must have persuaded the Newark judges to be kind to my verses."

EDWARD N. TEALL

was born in Brooklyn in 1880. Graduated from Bloomfield High School to Princeton (class of 1905). He is the author of "Glories of Old Nassau," a verse history of the College of New Jersey, "Vagron Verses" (Badger). Contributions from him have appeared in *Scribner's, St. Nicholas* and (as Owen Terry) the *Sun.* Since 1903 has been on the editorial staff of a New York morning newspaper.

JAMES H. TUCKLEY

a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the son of the late Henry Tuckley, author, syndicate, occupant of Methodist pastorate in Cincinnati, Providence and Springfield, Massachusetts, and at his death Methodist district superintendent at Binghamton, New York. He is a graduate of the public school of Springfield, Massachusetts and of Wesleyan University. While at college he was a class poet, associate editor of the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* and of the college annual,

winner of university awards in Greek archæology and English essay; winner, also, of the Taylor prize for the best original poetry, the last previous recipient being Frederic L. Knowles, whose poems are represented in Stedman's American Anthology. He was correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* and the Hartford *Times,* and wrote for other newspapers, his contributions including, besides sporting accounts and general news, a poem and a political editorial. Mr. Tuckley gave up journalism for teaching and has been grammar vice-principal, supervising principal, high school principal, and for five years teacher of English in Newark High School. He is a member of the Delta Tau Delta college fraternity. He is also a member of the Old First Church, Newark.

EZRA POUND

was born in 1885. He is the author of a considerable number of volumes. In 1909 "Personæ" was published, followed by "Exultations" (1909), "Canzoni" (1911), "Repostes" (1912). In 1913 these books were published in a two-volume edition. An American edition of some selections was published under the title "Provenca" (1910), "Cathey" (1915) and "Lustra" (1916) completes the list of his original poetic works. His prose works consist of "The Spirit of Romance" (Dent, 1910), "Gaudier Brzeska" (Lane, 1916), and selections from the papers of Ernest Fenollosa. Certain noble plays of Japan (1916) (Cula

Press). "Noh," a study of the classical stage of Japan, is to be published by Macmillan shortly. In 1912 he published his translation of "The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcenta." He has edited two anthologies, "Des Imagistes" (1913), and "The Catholic Anthology" (1915), and contributed to *Blast,* the *Quarterly Review,* the *Fortnightly Review* and *Poetry.*

APPENDIX IV

COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED
CITY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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CHAIRMAN

D. H. MERRITT
TREASURER

MATTHIAS STRATTON
SECRETARY

UZAL H. MCCARTER
CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

JAMES SMITH, JR.
VICE-CHAIRMAN

ALEXANDER ARCHIBALD
HONORARY SECRETARY

JAMES R. NUGENT
COUNSEL

HENRY WELLINGTON WACK
EXECUTIVE ADVISER

HIS HONOR THOMAS L. RAYMOND
MAYOR

FORMER MAYOR JACOB HAUSSLING
HONORARY MEMBER

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George B. Astley
Charles Bradley
Gen. R. Heber Breintnall
Albert H. Biertuempfel
Joseph B. Bloom
Philip C. Bamberger
Angelo R. Bianchi
Edward T. Burke
Stanislaus Bulsiewicz
James F. Connelly
John L. Carroll
Rt. Rev. Mgr. Patrick Cody
William H. Camfield
Joseph A. Carroll
Frank W. Cann
William I. Cooper
Forrest F. Dryden
Dr. William Dimond
John H. Donnelly
Richard Denbigh
Alfred L. De Voe
Patrick J. Duggan
Henry M. Doremus
Daniel H. Dunham
Laban W. Dennis
J. Victor D'Aloia
Mrs. Henry H. Dawson
Frederick L. Eberhardt
Charles Eytel
John Erb
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Rev. Joseph F. Folsom
Rabbi Solomon Foster
John R. Flavell
William H. F. Fiedler
Louis A. Fast
Henry A. Guenther
Albert T. Guenther
John F. Glutting
Edward E. Gnichtel
George J. Gates
Augustus V. Hamburg
Herman C. Herold
William T. Hunt
C. William Heilmann
Richard A. Hensler
Henry Hebeler
Mrs. Henry A. Haussling
Miss Frances Hays
Richard C. Jenkinson
Leopold Jay
Mrs. Fred C. Jacobson
Nathaniel King
Gottfried Krueger
William B. Kinney
Dr. Joseph Kussy
J. Wilmer Kennedy
William O. Kuebler
Rt. Rev. Edwin S. Lines, D.D.
Charles W. Littlefield
Carl Lentz
Franklin Murphy
Uzal H. McCarter
D. H. Merritt
Rev. T. Aird Moffat
William J. McConnell
Anton F. Muller
John F. Monahan
John H. McLean
John Metzger
James R. Nugent
John Nieder
Peter J. O'Toole
William P. O'Rourke
John L. O'Toole
Edward J. O'Brien
Patrick C. O'Brien

Benedict Prieth
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Michael J. Quigley
Thomas L. Raymond
John F. Reilly
Dr. Samuel F. Robertson
George F. Reeve
Fred H. Roever
Morris R. Sherrerd
Edward Schickhaus
James Smith, Jr.
George D. Smith
Julius Sachs
Ernest C. Strempel
A. A. Sippell
J. George Schwarzkopf
Bernard W. Terlinde
Charles P. Taylor
Frank J. Urquhart
Dr. A. G. Vogt
Christian Wolters, Jr.

COMMITTEE OF THREE HUNDRED

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David T. Abercrombie
Frank T. Allen
Henry Allsopp
Thos. Allsopp
Jos. O. Amberg
Lathrop Anderson
A. Archibald
John L. Armitage
Louis V. Aronson
Charles Ashmun
Albert H. Atha
Benj. Atha
Willis B. Atwater
Chas. C. Bacon
C. W. Bailey
Cyrus O. Baker
F. A. C. Baker
S. T. Baker
William Bal
Clifton B. Baldwin
R. J. Ball
Louis Bamberger
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